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VOGUE

FAST TAKES IN FASHION:

THE RUSH TO LEATHER LOOKS

THE NEXT SHOE COLOURS

DAY CLOTHES WHIZZED WITH CHARM

THE OLIVER HAIRCUT

"What's Happened to Art Since 1913?" an interview with Marcel Duchamp

ADVANCED EDITION



"Bostonian Unique" by Cleveland Amory



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O

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N

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FEBRUARY 15, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Whizzy little plaid suit that's brisk, easy, ready in three parts. Where the whiz comes in: superb tailoring, and these details— a shorter jacket; small lapels; flapped pockets; soft skirt. In biscuit-beige wool spiked with a curry that leans toward green; biscuity silk blouse, ascot-tied. To wear with the bite of coral or jade; the dazzle of black pearls or canary diamonds. By Ben Zuckerman. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Ciner earrings. Sutain sunglasses. Fresh, cool, spring lip-colour: Flamingo Pink by Coty.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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WHAT'S NEWS IN NEW YORK? A committee convenes to formalize plans for the full dress private viewing of the International Automobile Show in April, at the Coliseum – proceeds to benefit The March of Dimes. The fashion news courtesy of provocatively printed silks, left to right: Pansy-printed two



piece, $65.00 . . . Jacket plus dress costume in print, $70.00 . . . Side view of three piece costume . . . its front view reveals splash print blouse at far far right, $80.00 . . . Two piece silk chiffon in wood panel print, $70.00 . . . Three quarter tunic in an abstract print, $70.00 . . . In beautifully understated colors at fine fashion stores everywhere.

ABE & MORT SCHRADER

Designed by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader and Mario Forte for Mort Schrader / Abe Schrader Corp. 530 7th Avenue, New York

Pellon Corp. 1120 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 36 ®T. M. Pellon Corp. ©Pellon Corp. 1963



what a wonderful thing Pellon did for the shape of fashion!

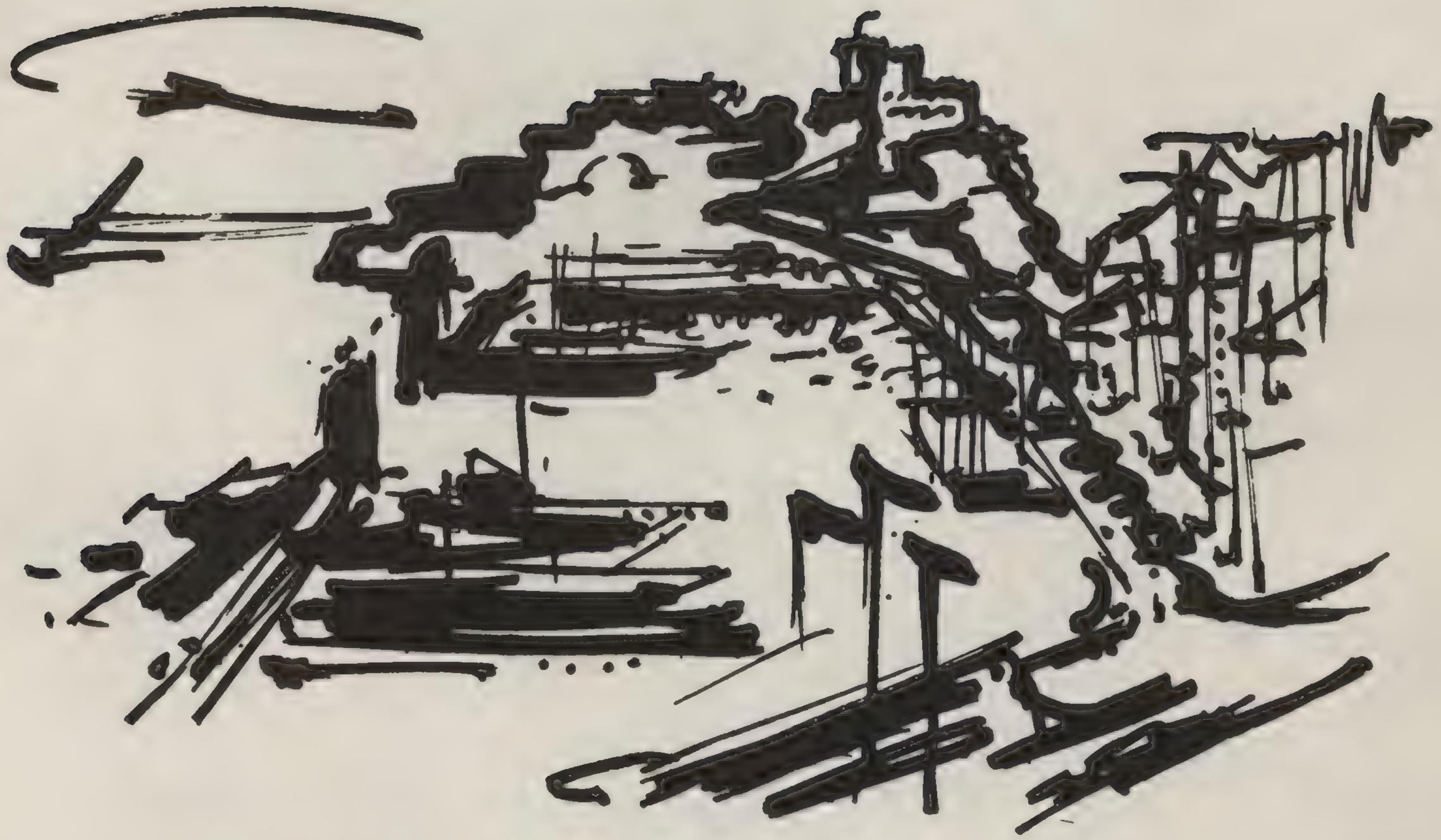
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The look that stole the show at Monte Carlo

Setting for many a chic event—Monaco was the recent scene of fashion gala extraordinaire. The "look" that stole the show—*the great American look*—of course. Classic! Young! Elegant! Spirited! *The look of Thunderbird . . .* of *clothes from Maurice Rentner* by famed designer Bill Blass. Making its first appearance and receiving rave reviews in Monaco—the brilliant Thunderbird Limited Edition Landau. The clothes hits: the shirtwaist dress for after dark, suits with round-the-world chic, shifts with ditto. What makes them definitely this year—a new softness—a gentle new mixing of pales with pales. See the new scene stealers on the following pages. They represent the nth degree in great American fashion.

Pale persuasion . . . very Thunderbird Opposite—just possibly the most beautiful car interior in the world—belonging of course to the Thunderbird Limited Edition Landau. Part of its beauty—the subtle colors—the rich look of rosewood-like paneling . . . the jewel of a plaque that marks its specialness. With it . . . the shirtwaist dress gone romantic in exquisite beige and blush lace. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Neiman-Marcus; The J. L. Hudson Company; Blum's-Vogue.

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Thunderbird

LIMITED EDITION LANDAU

Première à Principauté de Monaco. Janvier 1963



The look that stole the show at Monte Carlo

American classics—very Thunderbird

Three fashion naturals that will pay off big this year. *Far right*—the Thunderbird Limited Edition Landau—a car of exceptional chic—pale-bodied, rose beige-topped, jeweled with a bright S bar. As the name implies, ownership of this new luxe beauty will be limited (to 2000!)—so reserve yours now! *On the steps*—natural American elegance in Maurice Rentner suits. Both have easy classic lines—one is white silk shirted.

Maurice Rentner's American fashion greats at Bonwit Teller; The J. L. Hudson Company; Harzfeld's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's-Wilshire; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

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The look that stole the show at Monte Carlo

Slender dash—very Thunderbird

Two with "the look" that will tempt you to be a two-Thunderbird family: the dazzling convertible at left—at right, the dramatic hardtop. The Thunderbird allures, besides inimitable style: the exclusive Swing-Away steering wheel for graceful entrances and exits . . . the utterly lush and chic interiors . . . the perfect size for easy driving. The fashions here, two slender streaks of U.S. dash in pale wool by Maurice Rentner. Each owns its own stole to give it extra impact.

Thunderbird

unique in all the world

Maurice Rentner's American fashion greats at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; The J. L. Hudson Company; Harzfeld's; Goldwater's; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; Rich's; Julius Garfinckel; and other fine stores, page 26.

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THE TOUCH OF ARTEMIS—IN THE DELICACY OF THE EMBROIDERY, THE LUXURIOUS FULLNESS, THE AIRY, FEMININE FEELING OF THIS DUAL-LAYERED NYLON TRICOT SET. BLUSH, MIMOSA YELLOW, MOONSTONE BLUE, WHITE. WALTZ GOWN, SIZES 30 TO 40. $9. PEIGNOIR, P,S,M,L. $15. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. THE ARTEMIS COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO. A DIVISION OF THE H. W. GOSSARD CO.



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Forget about wrinkles—this surah's Arnel

You'll love this wonderful surah. It's so smooth, so silken-soft, so wrinkle-free. And it stays that way, even after a long evening at the theatre. Short sleeved dress and companion coat (lined with the same magnificent surah) designed by Keith Adams for Grace Taylor. Arnel triacetate surah by Milton C. Blum Inc. In yellow, blue, or beige, 12½-22½. About $55 at B. Altman & Co., N. Y. & branches; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Meier & Frank, Portland; Sakowitz, Houston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

BEAUTY NOTES ABOUT A MINK YOU MAY NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED

What mink is known to do for beauty is not only famous: it's also so basic that it amounts to a remarkable discovery each go-around: mink lights the skin, softens the eyes, and pertains with insistence, come anything, including Valentina, football, whatever. Now there's a new mink—also an operator, also a beauty-maker. And it turns out to be an even more scientifically-explicable wonder than its celebrated friend. What it is is a superior oil (take that, Texas) derived from mink and discovered through a quite-other mink route. It seems that mink-handlers (who still might be better off going a daily round with Sonny Liston) began to notice some nine years ago that despite the occupational hazards of dealing with the ill-tempered creatures their profession thrust upon them, they had a funny tendency toward having beautiful hands. Not only that, but any scratches or wounds suffered in or off the line of duty had a sort of sensational way of healing more quickly than the law of averages ought to have allowed. With this fact as a starting point, some research was made into mink's possibly unrecognized and certainly unsung character . . . its Florence Nightingale side, you might say. What was suspected, tested, and proved satisfactorily was this: mink oil has both softening and healing properties. And what more could be asked of certain essential cosmetic aids, a chorus of mink people were prompted to ask. And so mink oil became the basis of two new skin-care products: a skin cleanser and a 24-hours-a-day moisture oil. Put out under the label "Emlin," these products actually are not at all minky in the active-imagination sense—animal oils of one kind or another have always been building blocks of cosmetics, with the sheep a respected beautician for years if you think of him as lanolin. Emlin Moisture Cleanse is an unusually fluffy pink cleanser (in a fluffy white plastic gilt-stoppered jar), which can be used straight as a creamy cleanser meant to be tissued off or washed off with tepid water. Emlin Concentrée is a remarkably light lubricating oil with a quick-as-a-mink trick of vanishing into the skin and leaving it smoothed and softened, a talent which makes the oil useful under make-up or overnight. These two Emlin mink-oil beautifiers are at Tailored Woman and Woolf Brothers—oil, $10 plus tax for two ounces; four ounces of cleanser, $5 plus tax.

Precious panels of Van Raalte's very own Camellia Lace gently drift from just above your heart to hemline. Prettily piped in satin, this double-layer shift # 87317 in shades of Yellow Mist, Gossamer Green, Blue Mist with Surf Sand Lace, Coral Mist with Blush Coral or Cloud White. S-M-L. $10.95



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ACCENT woven-vamp, snip-toe pump with slim stacked heel.
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See yourself in PATTINA
'the first shine of Spring!'

The lustrous look is
now a care-free thing in

pattina* *by Du Pont*

Go twinkling through fashion in the follow-me gleam of PATTINA—with never a care. For *this* is PATTINA, made only by Du Pont. The shoe material with the glorious gloss that resists cracking, chipping and peeling . . . it's pliantly pleasant to wear . . . it's happily disposed to hold its shape. Colors resist fading—white stays whiter. Withstands weather, too—wet or dry, hot or cold. And a swish of soap and water keeps it pristine! Light up for Spring in the shining shoe—ask for "shoes of PATTINA" . . . look for these bright young shapes reflecting fashion now at your favorite store.

*Pattina is Du Pont's trademark for its chlor-olefinic shoe upper material.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Wildlife dinner party, its stars, Joy Adamson and Peter Scott

At a gala dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kellogg of New York, two distinguished visitors spoke of the pressing need for wildlife conservation. Mrs. Joy Adamson of Kenya spoke of Elsa and her cubs, the pride of her books, *Born Free*, *Living Free*, and *Forever Free*. The British author, artist, and explorer, Mr. Peter Scott, urged support for the World Wildlife Fund, which, since 1961, has started twenty-six important projects, including the saving of white rhinos in Uganda and orangutans in Borneo.



1



2



3

1. Mr. Francis Kellogg introducing the important guests and speakers. 2. *Left to right:* Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, Mrs. Joy Adamson, Mrs. Francis Kellogg, Mr. Peter Scott, Mr. Winston Guest. 3. Mrs. Joy Adamson. 4. Major Ian Grimwood, Senior Game Warden of Kenya, with Mr. Ian MacPhail, Campaign Director of the World Wildlife Fund. 5. Mr. Francis Kellogg with Mrs. Brooks Howe. 6. Mr. Fairfield Osborn, President of the N. Y. Zoological Society, with Mrs. Osborn. 7. Mr. Richard Pough, President of the Association for Protection of the Adirondacks, and a board member of the World Wildlife Fund. 8. Mrs. Munn Baker, *left*, with Mr. and Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland.

Friends, experts, and confreres of the wildlife camaraderie came to this dinner given especially to spur interest in conservation, an interest deeply felt by the Kelloggs who own vast acreage near Mount Kenya in East Africa. Now an international foundation, the World Wildlife Fund has three Presidents: Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands heads the international headquarters in Zurich, Prince Philip in Britain, and General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Honorary President in the United States. (More Wildlife on page 44.)

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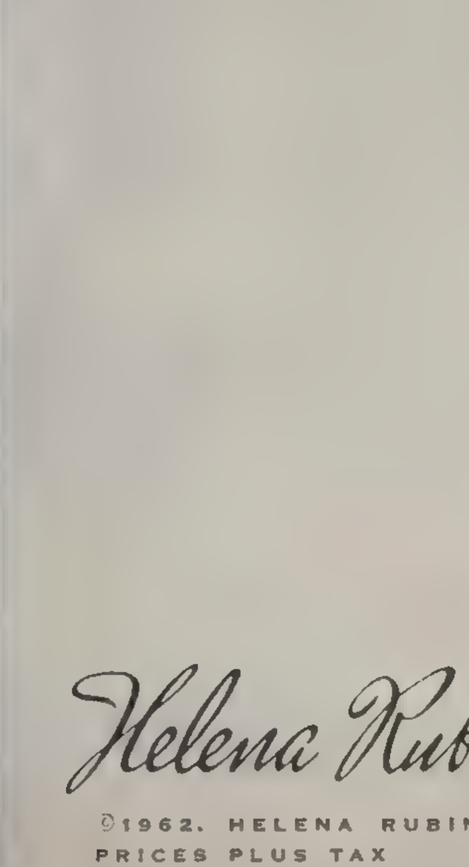


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WITH
HELENA
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SKIN DEW®

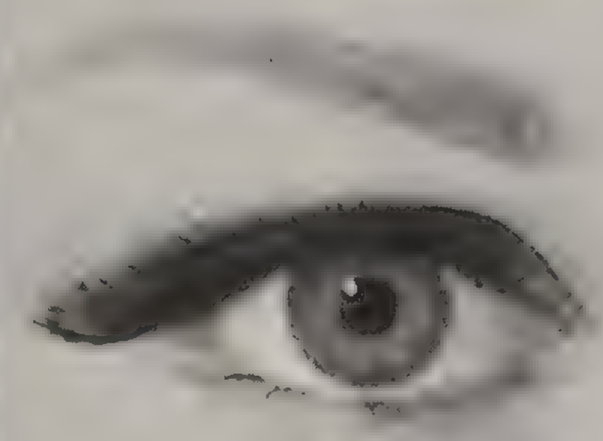
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Skin Dew is so dewy-light, you'll wear it all the time—especially under make-up!

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YOUR SKIN
A FRESH
DEWY
LOOK!



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Elastic satin: acetate, nylon, Lycra spandex (exclusive of decoration). Elastic net: nylon, Lycra spandex.

*Patent Applied For

Smoothie®
"Slimlook®

1SA63



The look that stole the show at Monte Carlo

The Maurice Rentner's fashions on pages 10 to 15 at stores listed below. See the new Thunderbirds at your local Ford dealer's

Akron, Ohio.....A. Polsky
Alexandria, La.....Weiss & Goldring
Ardmore, Okla.....Jean Lee Shop
Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Atlantic City, N. J.....The Needle Craft
Augusta, Ga.....Davison-Paxon
Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Bartlesville, Okla.....Montaldo's
Boston, Mass.....Bonwit Teller
Canton, Ohio.....Stern & Mann
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Pickett's
Chicago, Ill.....Blum's Vogue
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Gidding's
Clearwater, Fla.....Maas Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio.....Halle Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Montaldo's
Columbus, Ohio.....Montaldo's
Coral Gables, Fla.....Minna Lee
Dallas, Tex.....Neiman-Marcus
Dayton, Ohio.....Rike's
Daytona Beach, Fla.....Irwin's
Denver, Colo.....Montaldo's
Des Moines, Iowa.....Younker's
Detroit, Mich.....The J. L. Hudson Company
Durham, N. C.....Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.....Doop's
Eastpoint, Md.....Hutzler's
El Dorado, Ark.....Alsobrooks
Evanston, Ill.....Blum's Vogue
Falls Church, Va.....Julius Garfinckel
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
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Hot Springs, Ark.....Eleanor Harris
Houston, Tex.....Neiman-Marcus
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. S. Ayres
Jackson, Miss.....Gus Mayer
Jenkintown, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Kansas City, Mo.....Harzfeld's
Lafayette, Ind.....L. S. Ayres
La Jolla, Calif.....John Hogan
Lakeland, Fla.....Maas Bros.
Lancaster, Pa.....Mary Sachs
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Little Rock, Ark.....M. M. Cohn Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.....Bullock's-Wilshire
Manhasset, N. Y.....Bonwit Teller
Miami, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wisc.....Hixons
Minneapolis, Minn.....Dayton's
New Orleans, La.....Gus Mayer
New York, N. Y.....Bonwit Teller
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Al Rosenthal
Omaha, Neb.....Kilpatricks
Orlando, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Pasadena, Calif.....Bullock's
Philadelphia, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz.....Goldwaters
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va.....Montaldo's
Rochester, N. Y.....B. Forman
San Diego, Calif.....John Hogan
San Francisco, Calif.....Maison Mendessolle
Sarasota, Fla.....Maas Bros.
Scottsdale, Ariz.....Goldwaters
Shreveport, La.....Goldrings
St. Louis, Mo.....Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Fla.....Maas Bros.
Stonestown, Calif.....Maison Mendessolle
Tampa, Fla.....Maas Bros.
Toledo, Ohio.....Rochelle's
Towsen, Md.....Hutzler's
Washington, D. C.....Julius Garfinckel
West Palm Beach, Fla.....Bonwit Teller
White Plains, N. Y.....Bonwit Teller
Wichita, Kan.....Lewin's
Winston-Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's
Wynnewood, Pa.....Bonwit Teller

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

FEBRUARY 15

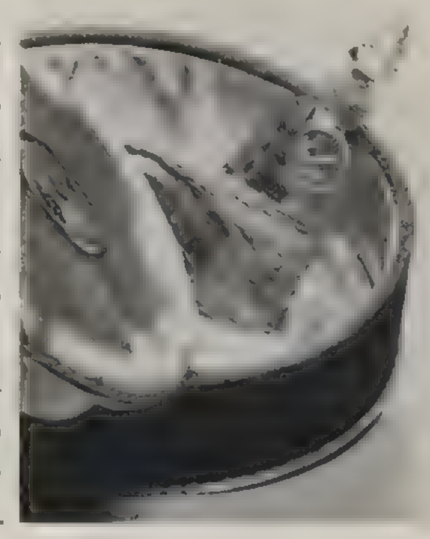
When we'd satisfied ourselves that the rage for salon-size home hairdryers (see page 101) wasn't just a flash in the beauty pan, we interrogated some owner-friends of ours about where they'd acquired their dryers. Most, we learned, had bought them secondhand from their own hairdressers: one found hers at a country auction; a few wangled theirs through beauty supply houses. Viewing none of these as instantly-effective arrangements, we went searching for a readier source. What investigation proved was this: probably one of the best ready-to-be-taken-home hairdryers of salon size—a dryer checked out for all the things that count, including an Insurance Underwriters okay and various longevity features—was put out under the Sears label. As we hope you've suspected, Sears is the other name for America's old chum, Sears Roebuck, and to the best of our knowledge, this February 15 issue marks the first appearance of that name in Vogue.

Are people cutting their hair shorter now, we're asked. Yes, is our answer. (See Olivers 1 and 2 on pages 55 and 75, two arrivals in a week fraught with news of Oliver haircuts—news that came in simultaneously from a number of hairdressers we know.) Not only is hair being cut shorter; wigs and hairpieces are too—than which nothing could stand as a surer indication of how the wind's blowing. There will be no abatement, either, in the cry for hairpieces, as we see it—although some hairdressers tell us they wish they'd never got themselves into all that in the first place. One finds he has to keep two sets of appointment books: one set for the inhabited heads, a second for the uninhabited group, which comes in to him wearing pinned-on messages requesting colouring and frosting as well as cutting, washing, and setting (but nothing about lunch).



Another manifestation of the Oliver haircut-thinking: this, cut and brushed charmingly by Nino of Bellissima.

At the time we went to press with Vogue's February 1 Americana Issue, Evyan (whose Most Precious perfume was celebrated in those pages) had just then told us about some new packaging for their perfumes. Here's what you would have seen by way of new packaging for Most Precious, if time had been with, instead of against us: an aquamarine velvet oval circled with silvery braid, crested with a silvery emblem. (Some of the many shops which stock the Evyan perfumes have it now: more later.) Another valuable Evyan property, by the way, is a certain chestnut thoroughbred. If you were at Alexandra Park in England this past summer, and held a ticket on "Evyan's Golden Shadows," the name might have rung the kind of bell that's sometimes called intuition. The horse is one of a string raced by the Evyan people, who have given their perfume names to all horses racing under their colours.



Things change quickly in what it is that people wear on their faces. So before they've launched their next make-up phase, a fast report on what two chic Italian women are using as their key cosmetics at the moment: *Countess Consuelo Crespi* is wearing all-over shine-on rouge; she puts it on—forehead, cheeks, chin—with a damp sponge. A brown eyebrow pencil is a key cosmetic of hers; a soft dot of it acts as a beauty mark—the site of which changes. For evening, as a part of what she considers her "make-up," she pins on two small hairpieces—one, a little beehive topknot; the other, a hairpiece built on a comb, which she fastens at the back of the beehive to comb into a loose pageboy fall. *Signora Marella Agnelli*, whose perfectly round eyes are eyes to watch (they're the shape of eye make-ups to come), glosses her eyelids and eyebrows with oil; uses dampened rouge to add a natural glow to her skin.



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*"Lycra" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its spandex fiber. BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



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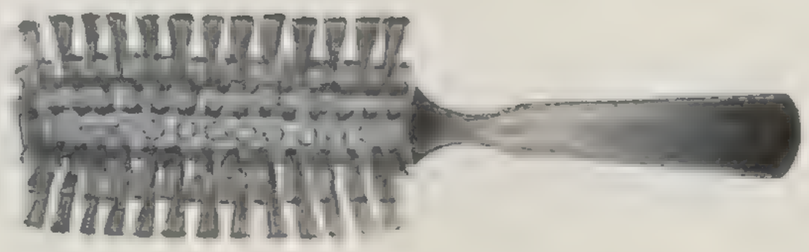
WIGS

BRUSH FOR BEAUTY

A wardrobe of brushes only *starts* with a good, sturdy hairbrush. Here, reading from the top down: two powder brushes, a hairbrush, a complexion brush, a large-

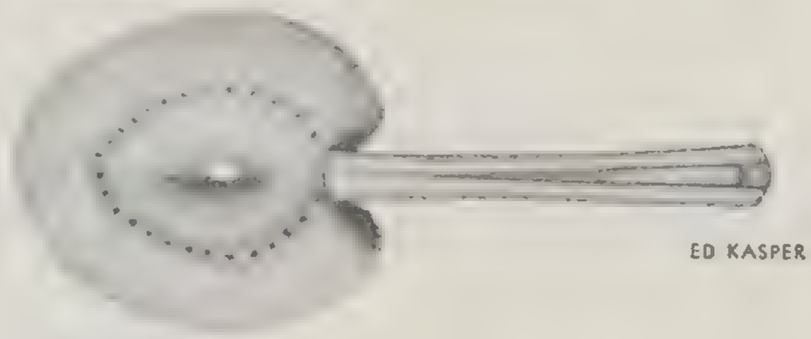




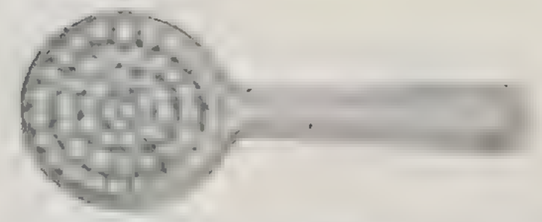


size powder brush, another complexion brush, and a purse-size hairbrush. The powder brushes are for whisking away the last, loose traces of powder, for a per-





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fectly blended make-up. The complexion brush is a face-scrubber, marvellously stimulating for the skin, used with soap or with one of the new foamy aerosol cleansers. Hairbrushes (indispensable for the famous hundred strokes a day) are chosen by their bristles: soft for fine hair, stiff for wiry hair that tends to tangle. All the brushes sketched have nylon bristles, an advantage since good-quality nylon won't wilt under scalding water—necessary to keep a brush clean.

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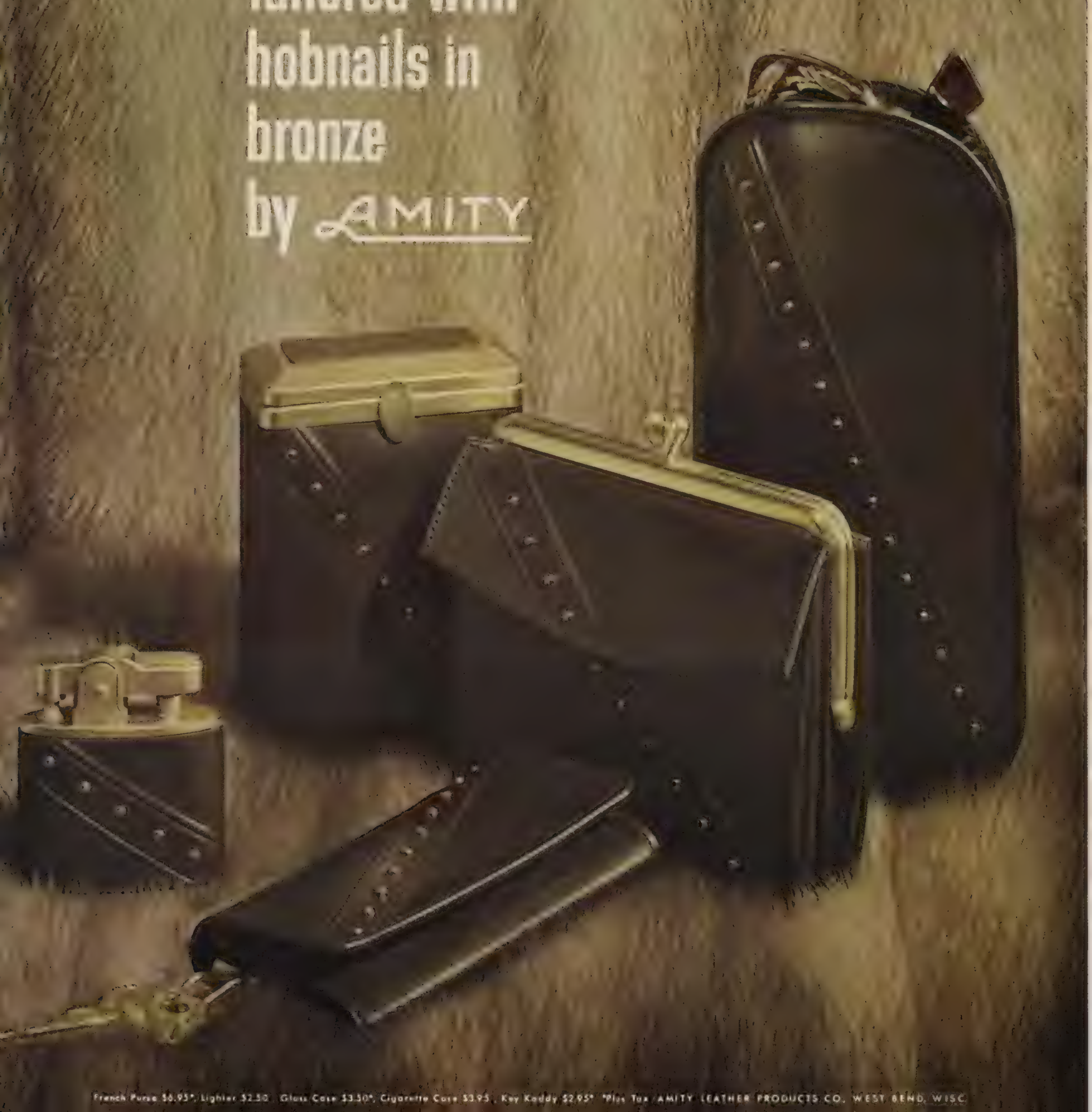
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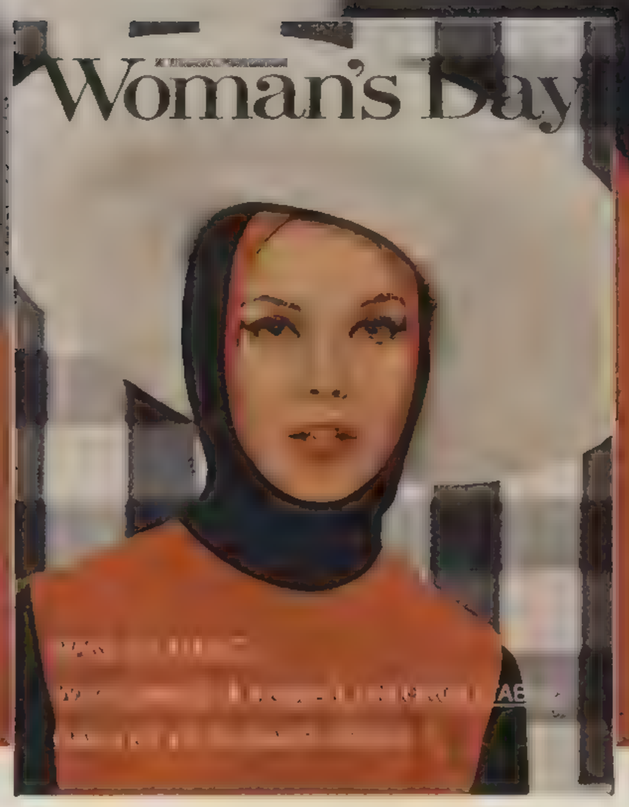


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

World Wildlife Party, its star, Alan Moorehead

At a lively, informal reception, given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Thomas at New York's River Club. Mr. Alan Moorehead, the distinguished author of, among other books, *The Blue Nile*, *The White Nile*, and *No Room in the Ark*, spoke briefly but urgently of the need for a modern Ark to preserve the wildlife of the world. In fact, he came to New York just to speak of the importance of the World Wildlife Fund. Especially, he asked for more effort in preserving the bald eagle of North America, the springbok of South Africa, and the kangaroo of Australia.



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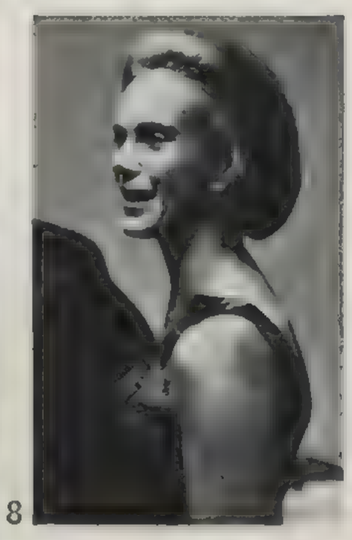
At the party, a happy mix of scientists, journalists, and people who have taken deeply to heart the necessity of conservation, the guests gathered around the buffet table, or in small islands of gaiety at little tables. Fortunately, the response to the Wildlife Fund was effective, for in this country and in Europe there is a growing awareness of the need for conservation, a need recognized early by the Thomases who have seen the ravages to wildlife in Kenya and Tanganyika. Their party stirred such interest that an ardent group of wildlifers asked to be invited.



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1. Mr. Alan Moorehead, speaking; *right,* Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, President of the Wildlife Management Institute, Washington, D.C. 2. Mrs. Joseph Thomas, *centre,* with Princess Veriand Windisch-Graetz, *left,* and Countess Margaret Willaumez, *right.* 3. Mrs. Ernest Hemingway. 4. *Left to right,* Mr. Joseph Thomas, Mr. Moorehead, and Mr. Roger Tory Peterson, an ornithologist. 5. Mr. Daniel Borden with Mrs. Edmund Lynch and Mrs. William McKnight. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Little, junior. 7. Guests at the buffet table. 8. Mrs. Lewis T. Preston. 9. Mrs. John R. Fell.



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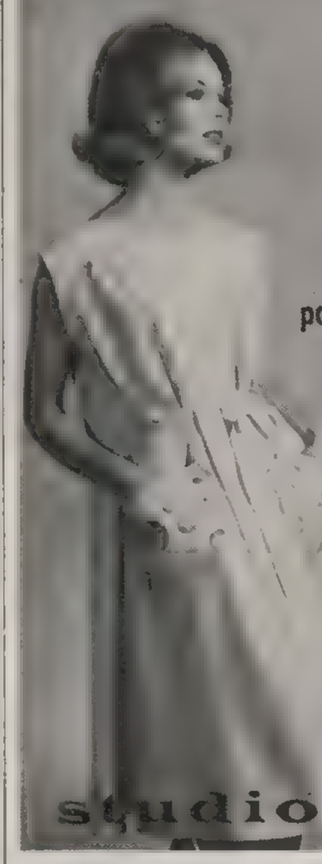
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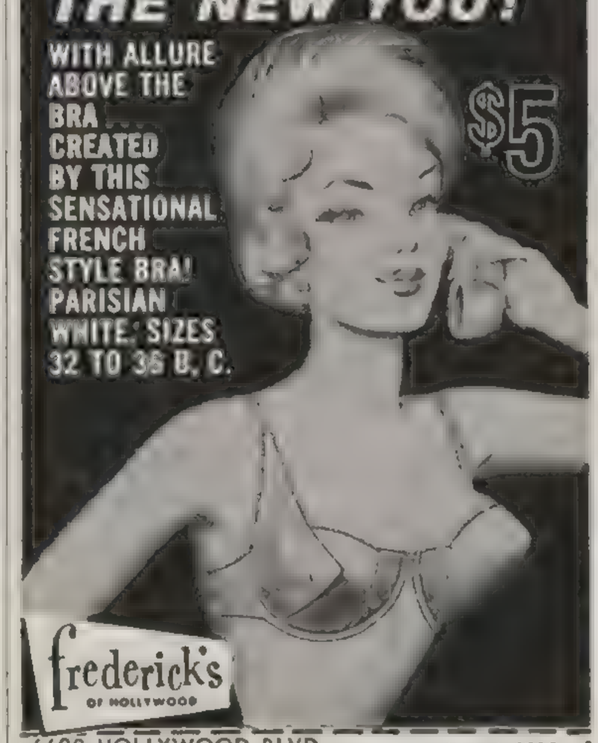


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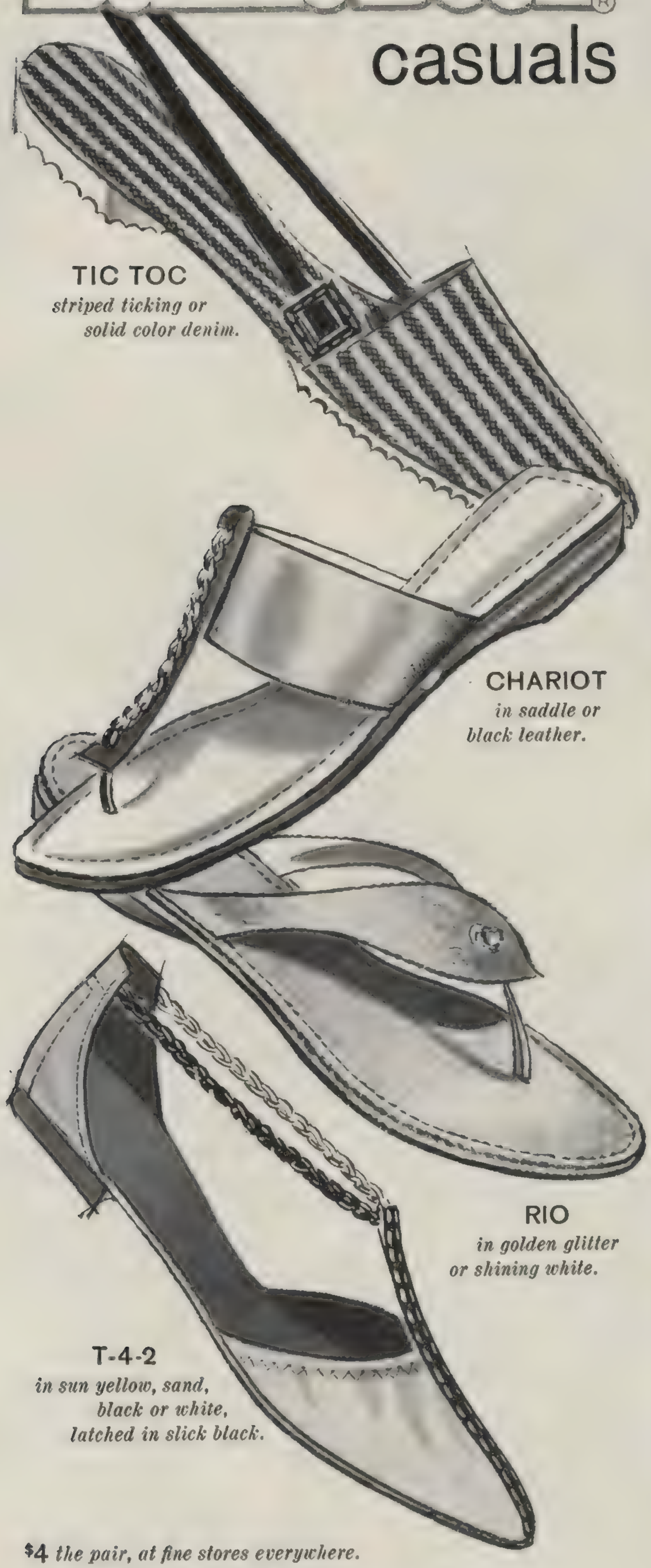
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FOR THE BATH:

hot and cold running news



For the bath hour: fragrances to slip into as easily as you slip into the water; lagniappe lotions. *Left:* Recently translated into bath-oil form—the scent called Ai. Deep down, it's a floral (roses, jasmine)—freshened with woodsy notes, warmed with musk, amber, spices; ½ oz., $6.50*. *Right:* A heady fragrance deep now in a heavy-cream lotion, loaded with emollients and moisturizers, for smoothing on post-bath. Royal Secret Luxury Lotion by Germaine Monteil; 8 oz., $5*.



Below, left: Bath oil in a brand-new fragrance—Prelude, by Jaquet. It strikes a light, sweet top note, then deepens before your very nose—in the direction of the exotic; ½ oz., $5*. *Below, right:* New whiff-on after-shave spray called Strictly for Girls—and it is. Gently medicated, it cools and soothes. By Frances Denney; 2 oz., $3.50*. *Below, left:* Bubble bath that makes tides of bubbles: coming in with the tide, a fresh new fragrance—Primavera. By Jacqueline Cochran; 4 oz., $2.50*. *Below, right:* New to the U.S. (it's been a Paris favourite for years): Charles Blair Bath Essence. The scent is a potpourri of East Indian sandalwood, mossy tones, and spices; ½ oz., $5*.

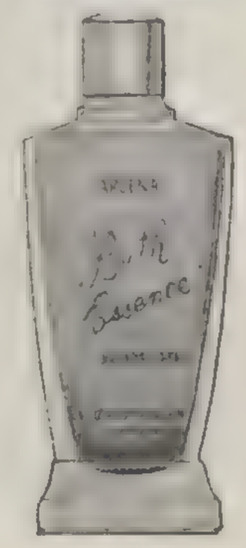




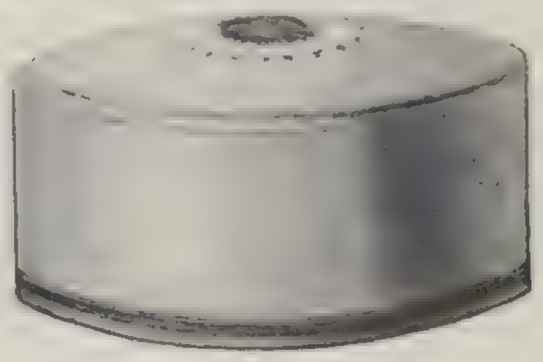
Directly below: Silky white dusting powder by Guerlain. Four fragrances: Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko, Vol de Nuit. In a new ivory plastic-drum case; 8 oz., $5*. *Below, right:* New, rich water-softener and scenter: Ardena Bath Essence. Non-floating, it homogenizes nicely; fresh Blue Grass fragrance, or Memoire Chérie, a worldly blend of flowers and mosses; ½ oz., $3.50*.







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ED KASPER



View of Dubrovnik, on the Adriatic coast. Next Spring, you can fly there with KLM and visit 22 other cities for no extra air fare.

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(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

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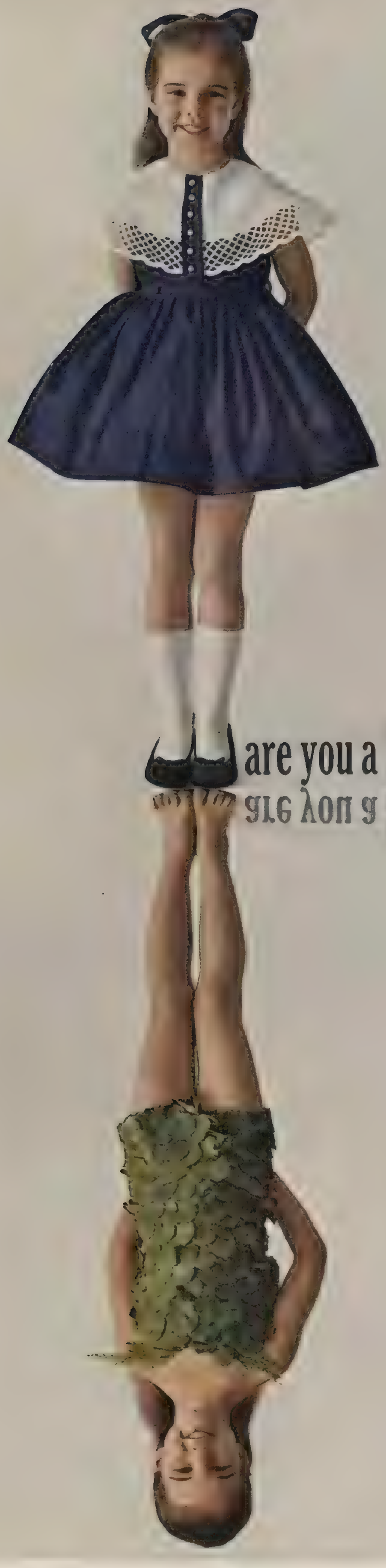
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FEBRUARY 15, 1963

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: A HAIRCUT WHIZZED WITH CHARM

This is the Oliver haircut—long bangs; hair round, thick, and straight over the crown. Have it. Because it's young, wistful, wide-eyed, waifish and, somehow, touching. Because—in the most subtle way—it is also worldly; in the way that a plain little skimp of a dress can be worldly . . . or leaving off jewels; in the way that a collar is worldly when it's carved on the collarbone, leaving bare a long slender stretch of neck that looks, in consequence, slightly—and charmingly—vulnerable. Have it by all means, and have it as we show it: with not a smidge more eye make-up than it takes to open a round and candid eye, the softest lipstick, a diffident blush of rouge all over. More about the Oliver haircut, and the new Lionel Bart musical that inspired it, on page 74. The version shown here, by Verdi.



PETER BEARD

THE RUSH TO

LEATHER

This year's new throb in American fashion is leather. Rough or smooth, matte or shining, the real thing or deadeye bogus, it's the quick pull of excitement that brings fashion into focus. Starting small, it might be a skinny green kidskin dog-leash whipped around a white crêpe dress—or as sweeping as a whole coat of lacquery black fake crocodile, not quite covering a pale sliver of a dress. Glistening white gloves with dulled black jersey; black glacé gloves with black velvet. A caramel-coloured kidskin turban. . . . The pale suèdes—colours as Necco-wafer as summer linens—veer to pinks, blues, offhand greys worn as nonchalantly as flannel. Suddenly, nothing looks much better than gloves of soft. smokey grey. Nothing looks newer than a belt as white as pipe clay (and it may be vinyl) clinching scarlet organdie. Or smokey blue leather shoes worn with a white wool suit, an indigo suit. . . . Whatever the look, it's leather that gives it the quelque-chose of the moment. The look can be the matte, sandpapery softness of the suède family—buckskin, doeskin, reversed calf, chamois; the cool subdued shine of glacé kidskin (wildly becoming against the skin) in a wrapped headband or turban; the glitter of the reptiles or the highly-lacquered kidskins, almost as bright as patent leather. (The most successful spoofs, or fake leathers, are made to simulate this slick, shiny group.) What's more, we see the whole thing going on into summer—little coloured suède jackets or windbreaks, instead of the unvarying sweater, against the evening chill; perhaps a marvellous travelling-coat of pale-grey suède for whipping around on summer weekends. Or, delicious possibility over bright-coloured silk pants or a silk sheath: a loose shirt-jacket of cloud-soft, cloud-white chamois, buttoned with huge, pear-shaped rhinestone drops.

Anything—so long as it's alligator

There's more than one way to join the rush to leather. You could wrestle with alligators in the Florida swamps, and (hopefully) bring back a trophy like this. You could catch crocodiles from a chartered barge on the Nile. Or stalk lizards over the desert sands. . . . Less strenuous, and more effective ways on the following pages. The huntress here wears a colossal eight-foot sweep of lacquery black polished alligator skin by Fleming-Joffe, and very little else. Except: reptile shoes —spectator pumps of greyed-beige lizard by Customcraft; about $30 at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Mimi di N., at Lord & Taylor. Stockings, in a hazy taupe—they're also seamless, non-run, non-mesh—by Van Raalte; later at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. The coiffure by Enny of Italy.

BERT STERN





Lacquered reptile looks

Noted everywhere: the excitement stirred by leather looks. Reptile stirring here—shiny, black, knockout. BLACK ALLIGATOR PANTS, opposite, fullish at hem. The white organdie shirt that stays home with them in the evening—lots of collar, impeccable shirt-cuffs. By Scaasi, of Fleming-Joffe leather. To order at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Mules by Capezio. Verdi coiffure. WINDBREAK—À LA GATOR, right: The alligator happens to be bogus; the fashion authentic. Lacquery black windbreak with a shirt-front closing, suit-jacket lapels. By Ellen Brooke, of vinyl with cotton backing; about $70. Henri Bendel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Wear-Right white kidskin gloves. Hair by Coiffures Americana.

BERT STERN



Leather looks—shining coat examples

What some of the new leather looks are: brilliant fakes—a credit to the test tube rather than the tannery. For instance, these slick, shiny, coal-black coats, tailored of make-believe alligator and fake patent leather. Both are—just incidentally—weatherproof (clear and sunny skies will never keep these coats indoors).

LACQUERY BLACK POLO COAT, left, of bogus alligator, double-breasted and buttoned in gilt. What a 1963 woman adds: white kidskin gloves, a shiny black straw turban. Coat of vinyl; by Modelia, about $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's. Balenciaga turban—copy by Miss Alice. Gloves by Kislav.

LITTLE BLACK SLICKER, right, fake patent leather polished to a fine shimmer. The shape: swingy but slender. With a solo button, a colossal lapelled collar. More slickness to add: white kidskin gloves, shiny black reptile shoes. Nylon coat from the Fabiani Ready to Wear collection; about $110. Henri Bendel; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. The gloves by Kislav. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN



Leather—
surface differences

Watch for this in the new leather era: leathers in never-before printings; the surface excitement in the look of matte leather against the glisten of smooth. PRINTED KIDSKIN: New breed of cat, left, and a fine way to walk it around the city this spring—cardigan coatdress on a pale-beige leather leash. (What it might be leashing: an undercoat shift; knitted, off-white.) By John Weitz for Leathermode; about $125. The belt by Colony. Both, at Altman's. The coatdress, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Roos-Atkins. MIX OF LEATHERS: Smooth charcoal shift, right; matte white shirt-jacket—more than one tone at a time is a great way to wear leather now. By Samuel Robert; kidskin dress about $70; glitter-buttoned chamois jacket about $110. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Aris smoke-grey kidskin gloves. Coiffures: Aurelien Lintermans.

BERT STERN

The next shoe leather—new and non-cliché



BERT STERN



The leather rush is on for new shoes, in colour and black and white. Here, brown for the country. On the next pages: Blue shoes, soft and strong, to wear with a bright navy-blue or white wool suit; blue printed linen; a coat of ivory or one of the peanut colours. Black and white shoes to add dash to a suit of indigo tweed or taupe plaid; a silk dress, white, or printed in bright green. All of the new smokey pale leathers look good for spring with bright red or flower-patterned jersey dresses, with black and white plaid wool suits, or with pale-pink shantung. For country walking, country living, some off-beats of brown, starting here at the loafer level. *Far left:* Pared-down loafer of ombré taupe grained kidskin, with a laced vamp, a sliver of stacked heel. By Life Stride, of Amalgamated kidskin. About $10. Macy's; Woodward & Lothrop. *Lower left, counter-clockwise:* Greyed taupe grainy leather shoe with a squared-off toe, inch-high heel. By Joyce of John R. Evans kidskin. About $15. At Altman's. Second, heavy linen woven to look almost like burlap, rimmed with stitched saddle-brown cowhide in a flat shoe with a slightly inverted stacked heel. By Etienne Aigner. About $16. At Lord & Taylor. Third, a low-cut taupe boot to wear with pants or country stockings, has a single tie across the instep, ribbed rubber sole. By Ki-Yaks of brushed pigskin by Dreher. About $9. At Natural Bridge; Baynham, Evansville. Directly below the bag, checked linen pump, brown and off-white, with a black stacked heel. By Oomphies. About $8. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. *This page:* The travelling bag to wear with any and all of the country shoes. Dark brown, shiny brindled pigskin, a foot high, reverse pigskin lining. About $136 inc. tax. By Gucci. Twelve-button doeskin-finished lambskin gloves the colour of vicuña. By Kislav, at Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel.

The soft, strong blues

What this spring's blue shoe has: a certain bookish charm—soft, strong, sometimes purpled, as in the endpapery swatch of leather that wraps the mannequin at right. Unbookishly. As for the rest of the anthology: Hanes seamless sandalfoot stockings in Saks Fifth Avenue's blue calfskin pumps, squared at the throat. Of Leather's Best calfskin; $28. Stockings at Best & Co.; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by Sandor Goldberger at Best & Co. The endpaper leather: Fleming-Joffe lambskin. Lipstick for blue: Plum Pink by Avon.

Directly below: Opera pump in bookbinding blue, with a neat little collar of stitching, a heel that could walk a mile—not necessarily for a Camel. By Palizzio, of Hiteman calfskin. About $25. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.

Below left: Peau de soie evening shoe; a flicker of jewelled leaves on its shapely flat toe. By Delman. $43. At Bergdorf Goodman.

Right: Bookbinding-blue court pump, in the softest of French kidskins, its toe stubbed and nearly covered with a flat velvet bow. By Margaret Jerrold (Basset kidskin); $30. At Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.

Below right: Set back on its heel, a shock of blue peau de soie, with a stretchy strap that slips over the instep. By Pappagallo; about $18. At Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin.

Far right: Ground-level mule in suèded blue kidskin, with straps X'ed in; shiny stacked heel. By Capezio, of Allied kidskin; about $13. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



Black and white; the smokey pales

More ways for leather to look this spring: Smokey (previewed on page 64) or, clearly, black and white. All wrapped up in the black and white idea, the girl at the left: the almost-flat, open-backed white lizardskin shoes with black stacked heels, by Julianelli, about $42; worn with taupe-grey seamless stockings by Belle-Sharmeer. De Mario necklace. All at Lord & Taylor. Shoes also at Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Stockings at Hudson's. The sarong of Leather's Best hair calfskin.

Far left: White Oxford pump with a black collar and tie, medium-low walking heel. Of Fleming-Joffe lizard. About $42. At Henri Bendel.

On this page, four shoes of the new smokey-pale persuasion. Starting at the top: Taupe mock alligator shoe, open at the back and sides. By Mademoiselle of Donovan's suèded alligator-printed calfskin. About $21. At Lord & Taylor; Jelleff's; Wm. H. Block.

Second: Pale-taupe lightly patterned calfskin pump, smooth and unadorned. Of Leather's Best calfskin. About $28. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Third: Taupe calfskin, dark and light, in a pump with narrow bow at throat. Of Hubschman leather. About $23. By and at Foot Saver. Also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop.

Fourth: Beigey-white lizard-printed pump open at both sides. By De Liso Debs of Ohio calfskin. About $20. At Bloomingdale's; Famous-Barr.

BERT STERN



What the rush is all about here: leathers that mix—and mix marvellously; spring suèdes that are suddenly as supple as silk, soft as the higher-priced spread, and pale—or coolly dazzling. COBRA OVER SUÈDE, left: a little red cobra cardigan tops a sleeveless grey suède dress. The dress is slender, has a high neckline, a set-in belt. Both by Highlander; the dress about $85; the cardigan (of Fleming-Joffe leather) about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. The handbag by Roger Model. SUÈDE SO SUPPLE IT PUFFS, right, into soft little sleeves; in a marvellous, cool, grass-was-never-greener kind of green. By Philip Sills; top about $70, skirt about $55. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's: Bullock's-Wilshire. Peladan jewellery. Stockings: Beautiful Bryans. Aimont red shoes. Background: the old part of Cagnes-sur-Mer on the Riviera, a fortified mediaeval town with all the appropriate thrall. The car, right: Ford's creamy, brand-new, limited-edition Thunderbird Landau. It's turned out in such small quantities that each car has a number; all are a cool cream-white, inside and out—roofed, carpeted, and accented in warm tones of rosy beige.

The rush to little suède dazzlers; to leathers that mix

HENRY CLARKE





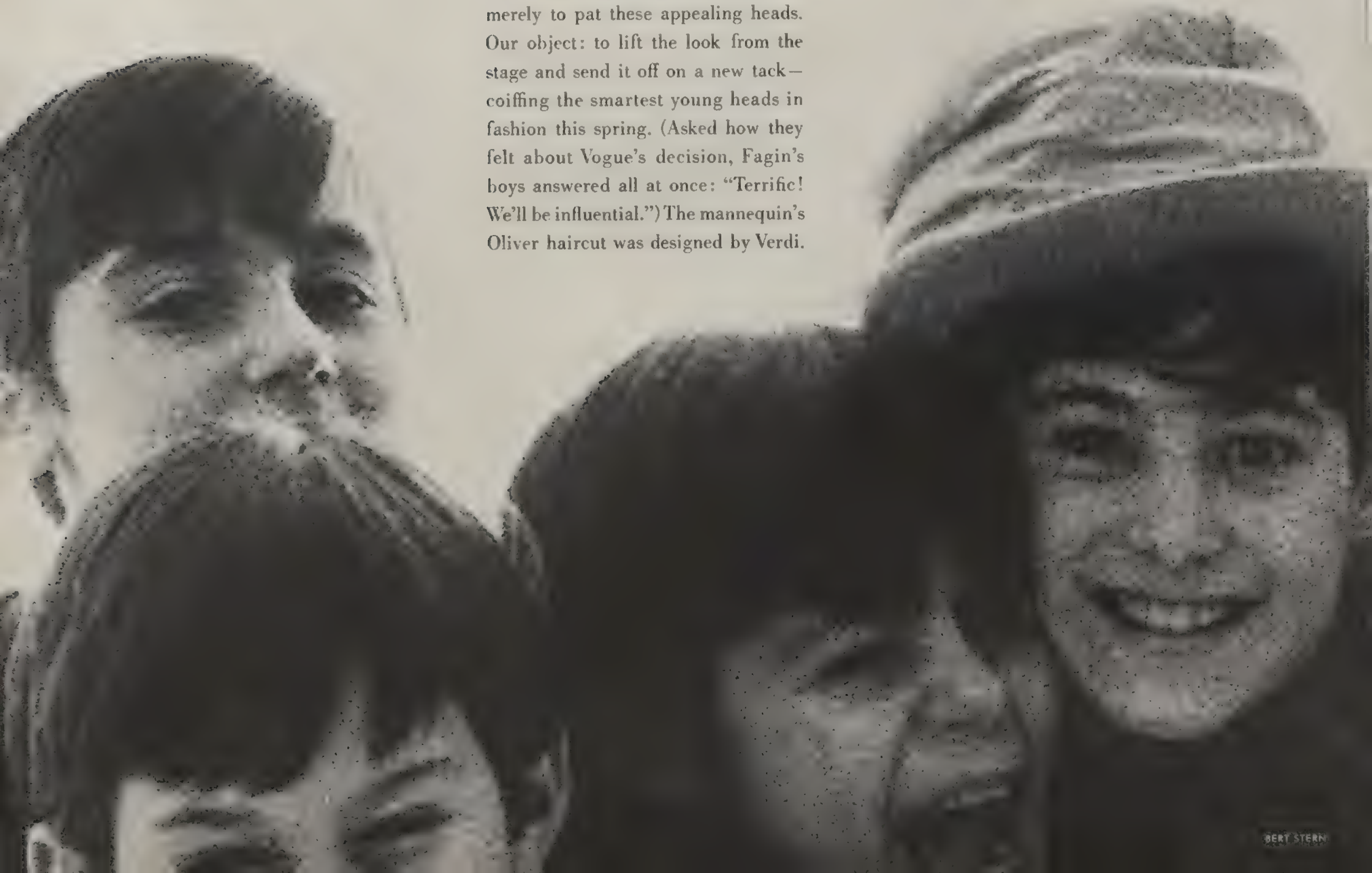
Further adventures of the new spring suèdes: there's nothing hidebound about them—the way they mix (with sleek, gleaming kidskin, here), the way they take to a cool and quite unexpected colour, like pink. STRAWBERRY-PINK SUÈDE, left, with the pinkness split this way: soft, sweatery little top; easy skirt. By Lady Hathaway; the top about $50, skirt about $60. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Roger Model handbag. Photographed on Cap Ferrat, in the lee of Galbusieri's 38-foot bronze Madonna. The car is a 1963½ model—a zippy addition to Ford's '63 line-up—the Falcon Sprint Convertible; it has racing-car accessories—wire-wheel wheel covers, for instance; a tachometer for measuring RPMs. BLACK KIDSKIN TAKING A SHINE TO GREY SUÈDE, right: the neat little suède waistcoat is charcoal-grey, buttoned up over a slim black kidskin skirt. By Robert Sloan; waistcoat, about $35; skirt, about $40. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Vandervoort's; Joseph Magnin. The bangle bracelets are by Peladan.

More suède: the pink pull, the waistcoat

HENRY CLARKE



Take a good look at the look opposite. It's one of this season's most entrancing: roundly shaped hair, nibbled at the edges, tumbled onto a face of melting piquancy—small features; eyes big, round, wistful. It's shown here with its inspiration: the raggle-taggle of nine-to-twelve-year-olds who play Fagin's boys in the new Lionel Bart musical, *Oliver!*—and play them as though delinquency were the most commendable of childhood pastimes. Scruffy, imp-faced, bangs flopping every-which-way onto their brows, they turn on the charm as breezily as they turn on their Bart-tailored Bow-bell accents; leave audiences with an irresistible urge to pat them tenderly on their round and silky young heads. Vogue doesn't mean merely to pat these appealing heads. Our object: to lift the look from the stage and send it off on a new tack—coiffing the smartest young heads in fashion this spring. (Asked how they felt about Vogue's decision, Fagin's boys answered all at once: "Terrific! We'll be influential.") The mannequin's Oliver haircut was designed by Verdi.

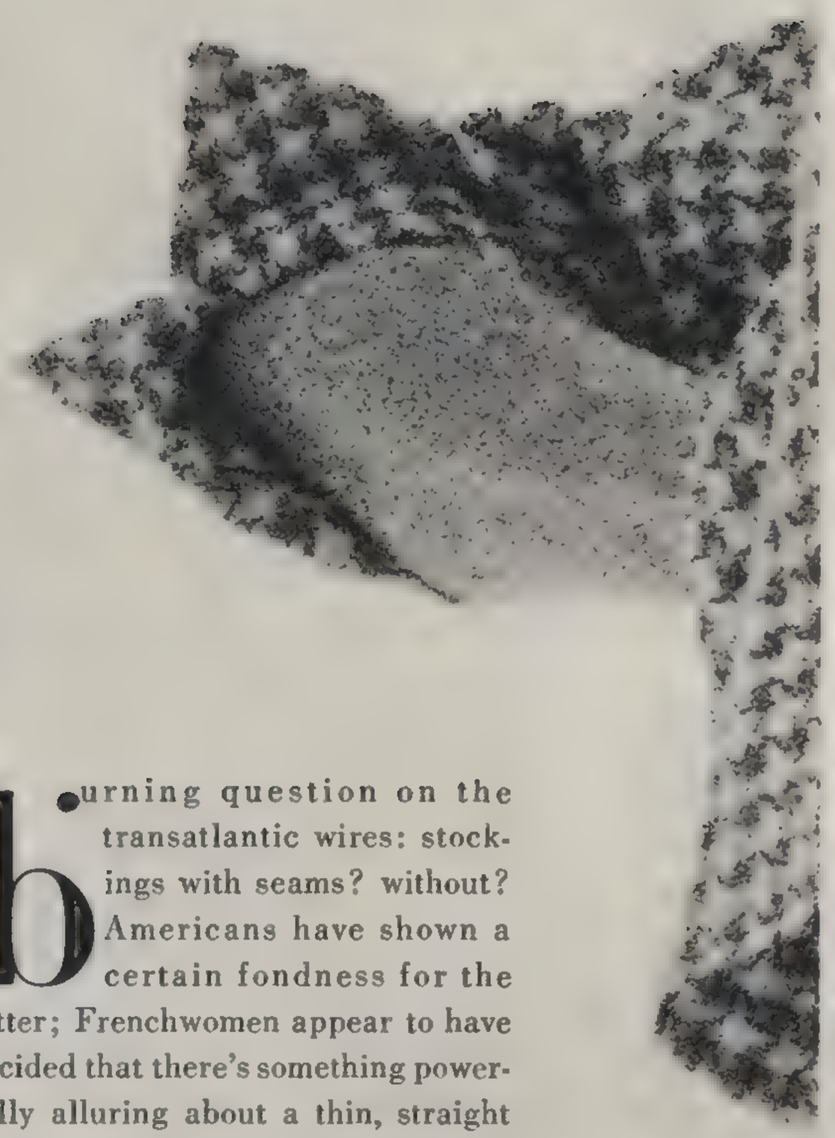


The Oliver haircut

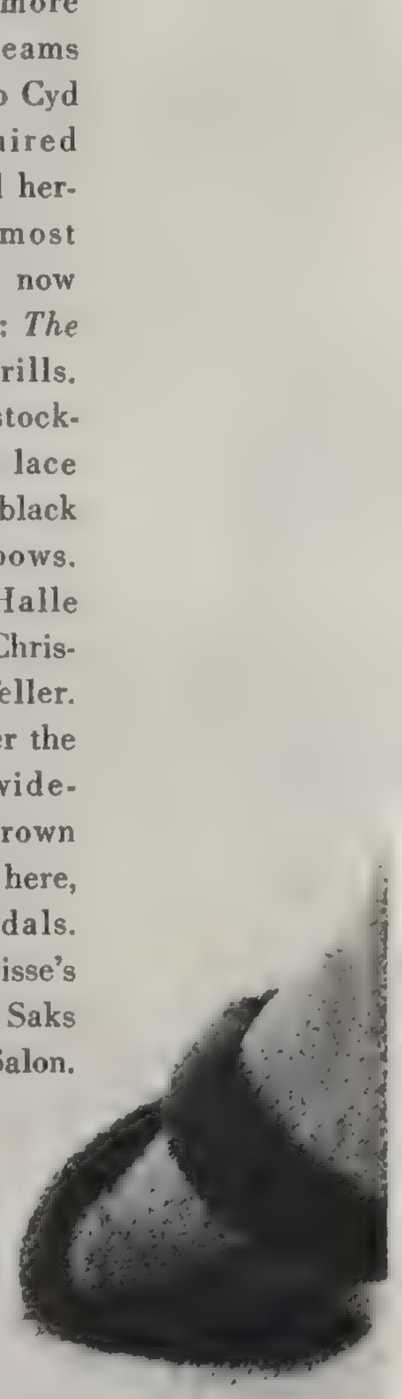




LEGS WITH STAR QUALITY WITH OR WITHOUT SEAMS



Burning question on the transatlantic wires: stockings with seams? without? Americans have shown a certain fondness for the latter; Frenchwomen appear to have decided that there's something powerfully alluring about a thin, straight seam arrowing down a well-shaped stocking. Men have taken sides—but not Vogue. Here, with the help of two of the most spectacular legs on either side of the Atlantic, we present both views in a manner calculated to prove only this: take a pair of pretty legs, film them through pretty stockings (prettiest now are softly, smokily dark), and there's hardly a more ravishing sight on two feet—seams or no seams. The legs belong to Cyd Charisse, a butterscotch-haired beauty who, having established herself as one of Hollywood's most delectable dancing partners, is now playing it straight. Next movie: *The Assassins*—no dances, just thrills. *Left:* Seamed, smokey taupe stockings worn with a short black lace dress (by Ceil Chapman), and black silk shoes with tap-dancer bows. Dress: Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros. Saks Fifth Avenue shoes. Christian Dior stockings: Bonwit Teller. *Right:* Cyd Charisse's head over the stacked heels of a pair of wide-strapped daytime mules in brown suède. Smoke-brown stockings here, by Hanes seamless. Golo sandals. Both: Lord & Taylor. Miss Charisse's coiffure by George Masters of Saks Fifth Avenue's Beverly Hills Salon.





BERT STERN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Taxes, tax cuts, tax reform, tax-rate reductions, and loopholes with adherents on both sides throwing in the word bizarre. . . . Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's voice which in any other language except English, where she has a baby-doll whisper, sounds like any healthy American girl with a low, clear, strong voice. . . . The clash of bells against a choral mass, the broad horizontals of the fresh music on the record, *Nirvana Symphonie,* by Toshiro Mayuzumi, a young Japanese who merges Gregorian and Buddhist chants. . . . In Paris, the small scandalous Philippe Jullian novel, *Café—Society,* with its vague disguisings of recognizable people whose lives are documented only in gossip columns.

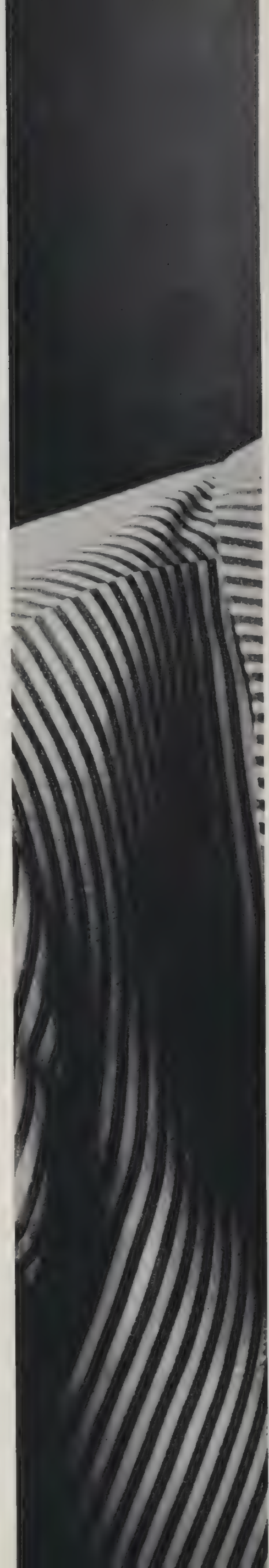
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The superb big black steel sculpture, "The Duchess of Alba," by Reuben Nakian at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. . . . Washington's Casbah, now the most fun night place there, run by Mohammed Ali Adris, a rather humpty-dumpty shaped man with bouncing black eyes and an ornamental way of dancing. . . . The small, strong book, *The Magic Lantern of Marcel Proust,* by Howard Moss whose analysis has a magic light of its own. . . . Greece's newest casino, "Achillion," a palace on the lovely island of Corfu. . . . The big-eyed skill of Zina Bethune, a seventeen-year-old who used to dance with The New York City Ballet, but now stars as Gail Lucas on the television program, "The Nurses."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The melting of the snow in the Himalayas this spring and what it may mean to the Chinese and the Indians. . . . The simplicity of the good recipes in the Alexander Watt book, *The Art of Simple French Cookery.* . . . The clever Ford Used-Car commercials which parody Elaine May and Mike Nichols. . . . The sweep of adventure in *Lawrence of Arabia,* a movie so luxurious in sand and camels that the point of T. E. Lawrence sinks out of sight. . . . California restaurants which put tape recorders on the tables to pick up business dialogue, the reels to be used later with expense accounts.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In England, the satirical, nutty BBC program, "That Was the Week That Was," done mainly by two young men, William Rushton and Christopher Booker. . . . The handsome, precise, or swashing naïve paintings by a young Italian lawyer-painter, Enrico Baj, at the Cordier & Ekstrom gallery in New York. . . . "Plumbers, pipe-fitters, and snowplows," the names given to beginners who clog the crack runs at ski places. . . . In Paris, the phrase, "un locomotif," to sum up a playboy who steams around the nightclubs hauling friends with him. . . . The "Mona Lisa" as though she were an astronaut's wife.

TONY RICHARDSON AND RITA TUSHINGHAM

are a pair of skinny, bright Britishers who ice their conversation about each other with the enveloping adjective, "wonderful." She is a small actress with a slice of moon smile, an Oliver haircut, the shape of a match, and a great thrust of talent, first shown in the movie, *A Taste of Honey* which Richardson directed. He, too, has a thrust of talent, perhaps more powerful than hers. A loose-jointed man with hair like scorched grass and a voice that spills words, Richardson has just finished directing the new William Inge play, *Natural Affection,* on Broadway, and will continue with more plays in London where he will do *The Sea Gull* with his wife, Vanessa Redgrave, a notable young English actress, as its star. (Among the Richardson theatre hits are *Look Back in Anger* and *Luther.*) Swinging easily between movies and the theatre, he prefers the movies: "The director is everything." Into such movies as *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,* he injects a strong bitterness that is unlike his surface self—his films are usually working class, uneasily jokey, sometimes brilliant, and they leave a taste not of honey but of tannin.



PENN





BOSTONIAN UNIQUE—MISS SEARS

"For her name is Ele-o
She was quite a girl, you know.
She walked and swam—and rode and drove and flew,
She did most anything—that any beau dared her to do.
Franklin D. came to call, they say,
Before he tried—to run the U. S. A. . . ."

BY CLEVELAND AMORY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Cleveland Amory, a sound, amusing writer with a handsome mass of opinions, has become in the fifteen years since his book, *The Proper Bostonians*, and his later books, *The Last Resorts* and *Who Killed Society?*, one of the country's most important lecturers. An easy talker on television, he is a twice-a-month commentator on the program, "Today," but concerns himself mainly with his work as editor, with Earl Blackwell, of *Celebrity Register*, which will have some twenty-four hundred biographical profiles and photographs when it is issued by Harper & Row next autumn.

MISS ELEONORA SEARS

She lives in a tall, white house with a bay window on Boston's Beacon Street, has clear eyes as blue as in her childhood, a fresh-skinned face, fine bones, and a manner that sometimes is like a salute from imperious heights. In fact, Miss Sears carries her head as though facing the wind.

Some years ago, working on *The Proper Bostonians*, I had the pleasure of calling on Eleonora Sears and hearing the above song played on the piano by a friend of hers—gently but with meaningful trills on the end of each line. It was a memorable experience but no more so than the revisits I had with Miss Sears this winter. For, make no mistake about it, even today at eighty-two, America's Sportswoman No. 1 is still a figure to be reckoned with. The great-great-great granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, she still lives in one of the last of the private houses on the once all but mandatory "water" side of Beacon Street, in a house which is just a block from the one she was born in, and in which she has the bed in which she actually *was* born.

"Look here now," Miss Sears told us fiercely, "I will not be interviewed again. It makes me positively ill to see my name in print. After all, the beastly press has had eighty-one years at me. Isn't that enough? And for a fashion magazine! Mercy! I hate to dress up. I like to wear sweaters—old sweaters." And then, equally fiercely but somehow devastatingly, she added, "But you will spell it Eleo—E-L-E-O—won't you? It's not Eleanor—it's E-L-E-O-N-O-R-A. They always get it wrong. I've completely given up. Even at the horse show I just use Miss E. R. Sears. And it's not Sears *Roebuck* Sears, either. They're always saying that, too. I wish I were—I'd get another horse every day. There was a Sears family in Hamilton who somebody said were something to do with Sears Roebuck. But nobody knew them."

During the first part of our talk Miss Sears kept bustling about from room to room, invariably turning out the lights behind her. I had a theory that this habit came from having money in the family from the days when electricity was expensive, but Miss Sears cut me short. "Electricity is *still* very expensive," she snapped. "Look at this room. Honestly, servants are impossible. I have six of them in this house and I've told every single one of them 587 times to draw the shades at 5 o'clock. They're never anywhere. They're always resting. They just want to sit down on their big behinds and take all of your money. Resting, mind you. I've never rested in my life. If there are two words I can't stand, it's resting and tired. They make me sick. . . . What are those workmen doing in the drawing room? I think I'll go in and stir them up a bit. . . . Oh there you are. You're the new one. (Continued on next page)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

BOSTONIAN UNIQUE Continued

What's your name? Well, never mind. We want tea. I ordered it half an hour ago. You can't get anything in this house . . . God Almighty, we have no Scotch. Well, here's the water. Nowadays, even the Boston water is impossible. I drink nothing but Poland water—I even serve it at dinner parties. Of course, any kind of water is bad for you, but a little Poland won't hurt you much if you drink it slowly. Mind, not too much now—it's expensive."

After the tea came, Miss Sears felt better. "Let's get off servants," she said. "It's a very unpleasant subject. And it isn't just them, either. The young people are just as bad as the servants. They deserve each other." After tea, I asked Miss Sears if she still liked to play games. "You mean, indoors?" she asked. I nodded. "Well," she said, "I like squash." She smiled. "No," she said, "I don't like cards. I have no head for them. I'm the stupidest person who ever lived. Put that in your article, will you? Then they won't expect much. All I know is that everything's gone fluey nowadays. Even the horse-show business. It's not the horses, it's the people. It's just like everything else. It's commercial. Instead of having gentlemen judging, they've got idiots who are buying and selling horses under the table. The dog world's just as bad, and so is the tennis world. I don't think golf is as bad as tennis, though. Tennis is awful. They call themselves amateurs but they're no more amateurs than I'm a professional. They even leave bills for their washing."

Miss Sears, perhaps more than any other woman of her era, symbolizes the Age of the Amateur—I was interested to learn that her father, the late Frederick Sears, Jr. was also an amateur. "He did everything in one way," she told me, "and nothing in another way—except give himself a grand good time. After he was dead we found a portrait of him. And we found out he'd painted it himself and never shown it to anybody. There it is, there. We keep it right in the living room. It's pretty good, isn't it? But my grandfather Coolidge was all sorts of things. He was appointed Minister to France to finish Whitelaw Reid's term. And my mother—my poor dear darling mother—was wonderful. She used to take me to church by the hand. I don't go much, any more. I feel as if I've got enough in the bank in that line."

Today, Miss Sears operates not only her "people home," as she calls it, on Beacon Street, but also her "horse homes" at Pride's Crossing, at Middleburg, and at Southern Pines. ("I love Southern Pines. It's a dirty little house but it has a lovely stable for the horses.") Known for her humaneness toward all animals—she is vehement about tail-docking and other barbarisms still permitted by horse-show authorities—she will talk at length about her famous hunters, Reno and Pike's Peak, her racehorses like Resistless, and, perhaps even more, her ponies like Sugar Plum and Shasta. "I love them all," she says. "They're darlings. Shasta is thirty-two years old, you know. I found him long ago, when he was just a baby. He was in a western circus and he was so abused and so thin you could hang a hat on his hips. I asked the man what he gave him to eat and he said hay. I asked him how much the hay cost and he said $8 a ton. I knew hay cost much more than that and he wasn't getting any so I bought him. He follows me everywhere. He shakes hands and does all sorts of things."

Of her victories—champion walker, rider, driver, swimmer, tennis, and squash player (at fifty-eight, she was a semi-finalist in the Nationals)—and of her firsts—the first woman to ride astride, the first to play polo, the first to drive a racing car, and the first to fly a racing plane—she is still, as she has always been, modest. "Yes, I guess I'll always be an amateur," she told me. "I liked to do a lot of things. And if you do a little of everything, you're not really good at any one thing, are you? I did quite a lot in one day, so I didn't do anything as well as I should have. I remember one summer staying in Newport and in the morning taking a four-mile swim and then losing a five-set tennis match and then after that getting in an auto and driving to Pride's Crossing to show Judge Moore's horses on his track—both tandem and four-in-hand—then getting back in the auto and driving back to Newport for a dinner dance. That's quite a day."

Miss Sears's days today are still quite some days, too—although she sternly denies this. "I'm so old now I can't get around the way I used to. All I do is play with the horses and take baby walks." And what, I asked her, were baby walks? "Oh, four or five miles," she replied. "A real walk is twenty miles." Three times a week she drives to Pride's and she also maintains an office in Boston. ("No, I don't go there every day. I just go there to pay bills—every other day.") Not long ago, shopping at Jordan Marsh's, she was asked for identification. Surprisingly, she seemed quite resigned. "It was perfectly all right," she told me. "They're all new, you know. Just children—little boys and girls."

Over in the corner of the living room I saw a television set. What, I asked her, were her favourite programs? "I don't know," she said. "I've never seen it. That's my first set. It only arrived a couple of weeks ago. I've never turned it on." At dinner, having carefully built up in my mind a nineteenth-century image of Miss Sears, I was brought up short when the maid announced a telephone call for her. "Who is it?" she asked. "It's Miss Greer Garson," replied the maid. On Miss Sears's return I noted she put sugar on her salad. "It's delicious," she said. "Try some. Do you know what I have for breakfast?" No, I said warily. "Cottage cheese," she said, "with plenty of sugar on it. It gives you energy, you know." Where, I asked her, did she go when she went out to dinner? "Wherever," she replied, "I'm asked." She shortly amended this to add that, even if asked, she didn't go to the Somerset Club. "They threw me out during Prohibition," she said. "And the worst of it was, they threw the waiter out, too—so I've had to support him ever since."

Miss Sears told me that she and her late brother, Freddie, were brought up strictly but that they both had wonderful times. "It was so long ago you sort of can't take it in," she said. "In a way it was sort of a silly age and I was always sort of silly anyway. I guess I must have been quite a disappointment to my poor mother. I was never very good at lessons. And I wasn't as good at the other things as they said I was in the papers, but I was always sort of wild. I remember Freddie and I used to climb over the Beacon Street roofs and come in on the skylights of people." Weren't you, I asked her, frightened? "No," she replied, "but we liked to frighten other people."

When her grandfather went to Paris, she and Freddie had more wonderful times. "I had the same governess as Consuelo Vanderbilt, Mademoiselle Cogné, her name was. She refused to speak a word of English, so I had to learn French. She was pretty good but she couldn't run very well. I remember getting away from her in the Paris streets and getting under the horses. I always loved horses. I rode anything. At first, bareback. Then side-saddle. Then I started riding astride, but they wouldn't use the word astride—so they said I was the first girl to ride cross-saddle. Imagine! Cross-saddle!"

Back home came dancing school at the famed Papanti's. "It was wonderful! He had a spring floor and you actually bounced on it. Nowadays, they'd call Papanti's the thing to get into, I suppose, and they'd think they'd done something when they did

get in. Then, it didn't seem anything special, and nobody thought it was anything, except everybody you knew was there. And there was none of this modern nonsense about no boys. There were plenty of boys. Thousands of boys. Charming boys, too. They were sweet."

She remembers coming out, but not having a party. "I remember *not* having a party. But it wasn't particularly important. There were so many parties. Remember, in those days, girls didn't go to college. Girls went, I guess, but they weren't the girls you knew." She remembers seeing Mrs. Jack Gardner with two pet lion cubs in her lap. And she also remembers staying up the Hudson at Hyde Park with her uncle, Thomas Newbold—where she first met Franklin Roosevelt. "He was a perfect ass, you know. He was not popular at college and if you're not popular at college, well, that tells a lot. Why should he have been? He always wanted everything for himself and nothing for anybody else. Then he got himself elected President and ruined the whole country."

Miss Sears also remembered meeting President Kennedy's grandfather, Mayor John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald. How, I asked her, did she like him? "Well," she replied sharply, "one thing you can say for him—he was certainly better than the rest of them have been. After all, he was only Mayor."

* * *

After dinner, going through the old scrapbooks of Miss Sears was also a memorable experience. One faded clipping quoted the late horseman, Frank Gray Griswold, as saying that she sat her horses and handled them in more perfect form than any woman he had ever seen in any horse show. ("Frank was a darling," she said.) Another clipping told of her winning three tennis tournaments in one day. ("I was never really good. May Sutton was really good.") Still a third told of her playing forty-five holes of golf in one day. ("Golf is such a slow game. You're always waiting.")

From 1904 there was a story of her swimming four miles at Newport from Bailey's Beach to Easton's. ("That's nothing," she snorted. "They didn't even mention the time.") A year later there was a story of her playing baseball on the Boston Common. ("They also said I played football. But I never played football with boys—just girls. I remember it took three of us to tackle Alice Sargent.")

In 1909 there was a clipping that she appeared at the Burlingame Country Club in Coronado, California, wearing trousers. ("Trousers, trousers, trousers!" Miss Sears exclaimed. "They were always talking about my trousers. They weren't trousers, at all—they were perfectly good riding breeches. They were always talking about my smoking, too. Why, I've never smoked in my life.") From Burlingame too came a story about her playing polo—again cross-saddle. ("Nonsense! Actually I preferred to play polo side-saddle. It's a lot harder and more dangerous too.")

In 1910 there was a clipping of her going down in a submarine and in the same year one of her riding in an airplane race at an air meet with the British pilot Grahame-White. ("That was fun! We flew so low and we came down with a terrific bump. The only thing I was afraid of was that it was going to stop, but we went right up again.") Also from 1910 was a clipping of her driving a motorcar at 60 mph. ("I had to go carefully. Remember, those were country roads and even the city roads were terrible in those days. I remember once my uncle Herbert got arrested for speeding and the policeman asked if he were any relation to me. Uncle Herbert said I was his niece. And right away the policeman said he could go.")

Throughout the scrapbook there were pages of stories of her walking—in fact a whole new word was coined for her, "Pedestrienne." "MISS SEARS WALKS PROVIDENCE TO BOSTON—44 MILES IN 14 HOURS—MADE BET SHE COULD DO IT IN 15 HOURS—WAS PACED BY HARVARD ATHLETES ROGER CUTLER AND ALBERT HINKLEY." ("Well, in the first place, it was 47 miles the way we walked it. In the second place, the bet was ten hours and I did it in nine hours. And in the third place the boys got tired and made me stop. That's why I made such rotten time.")

The next headline said, "NEWPORT TO BOSTON—74 MILES IN 17 HOURS." ("That's all wrong, too. We did it in 16 hours and it poured rain—you just can't make real time in the rain.") "FONTAINEBLEAU TO PARIS—42 MILES IN 8 HOURS." ("That was fun. The traffic made it very exciting.") Finally, "BOSTON TO BEVERLY FARMS." ("That's nothing! I don't know how that got in there. That's only 22 miles. I could do that today. Actually, the farthest I ever went was Burlingame to Del Monte. That's 108 miles. But I didn't make very good time. I had a couple of dizzy spells.")

There were also many stories on what was perhaps the most famous of all the Sears's dares—the time when she, on a $100 bet, walked across the stage at the Majestic Theatre during the second act of a performance of *The Yankee Girl*. "She wore furs," one clipping said, "though the scene was laid in the South Seas and the time was midsummer." ("Yes," smiled Miss Sears, "and I never got paid, either. That was dirty business.")

Still another story, complete with picture, showed her driving the late Alfred Vanderbilt's trotter, Lord Polonius, at Newport. Was he nice, I asked, or stuffy? "Alfred," she asked back, "or the horse? No, I'm joking. He was darling. When the 'Lusitania' went down, I got his chauffeur, Thomas. I've had Thomas forty-seven years, now." Finally I came upon a neglected little clipping down in the corner of the book—it told a story of her boxing with her maid. ("Of course I boxed," she said. "It's the best exercise of all. But I never boxed with my maid. I only boxed with my friends.")

If going through Miss Sears's scrapbooks was an experience, so too was attending the Harvard-Yale football game with her. Miss Sears has not missed a Harvard-Yale game since anyone can remember, and Harvard's Porcellian Club which early in her career adopted her—and vice versa—always makes sure she has seats on the fifty-yard-line.

For some moments we stood before taking our seats while Miss Sears surveyed the crowd of some 50,000 people. "You know," she said reflectively, "I don't know a single soul here." A moment later, however, she was proved mistaken when Endicott Peabody, the newly elected Governor of Massachusetts, passed through our row on the way to his seat and it was evident Miss Sears did indeed know him. After he had passed, I asked her if she had told him she voted for him. "I did not," she said, "because I did not. I did vote for him once—for something or other—and then I found out he was a Democrat. Imagine! A Democrat—and a Peabody!"

Early in the game Miss Sears took exception to the Yale team's uniforms. "I don't like Yale in white," she said sternly. "I like them in blue, the way they used to be. What's the matter with everybody nowadays, anyway?" During the half, when the Harvard band came in and played its traditional "Wintergreen for President" from the old musical, *Of Thee I Sing*, Miss Sears was unimpressed. "Wintergreen *for* President?" she exclaimed, "I thought we already *had* him."

That evening, dining at the Ritz, my cousin, Copley Amory, approached our table. "Eleo," he said, "as I live and breathe. I haven't seen you since that party you gave in Paris in 1920, I think it was. God, that was a wonderful party. Just think, Eleo, that was a whole generation ago, and I remember every detail of it."

Miss Sears smiled as he said goodbye. "Well," she said, "see you next generation."

Day to day—the habit of charm

What this spring's fashion is about to be loved for: the enormous and immediate appeal of the clothes that make its best day-to-day looks. . . . The exquisite Balenciaga-breeding in an immaculate little white twill pullover suit—carved collar, patte-boutonnière closing; grey pearl earrings with it, pale-brown leather gloves, hat of silky beige straw . . . the catching *esprit* of a narrow new shape of cape—brown-and-white plaid, settled squarely on the shoulders of a white jersey dress; tobacco leather turban is the right snap of hat. Plaids and tweeds now: whizzed with charm—prickly brown tweed suit, with an enamouringly feminine new narrowness to its sleeves and waist, small lapels . . . red-black-and-white plaid coat opening—like thunder—on the softest little black suède dress. As pleasant as lunching on tender spring greens: wearing them this way—knitted lettuce-green coat, shooting creamy-beige silk shirt-cuffs.

Glistery chocolate-brown short coat, right, puffed—in a crisp, crocodile way—from a deep yoke, and worn with a lanky white two-piece dress of knitted cotton jersey. By David Kidd for Jablow; embossed nylon coat of Orceyre fabric; about $200. Earrings by Napier. Both at Bonwit Teller. Costume, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat—licorice-black straw, deep-set.



New coat
fullness,
the reptile
habit

Narrowed
waist
and
sleeves

Waist and sleeves narrowed, left, smaller lapels, skirt made walkable by a deep inverted pleat—marvellously feminine way to handle brown tweed (and a significant piece of suit-news to have at hand now). By Frank Gallant, of Anglo wool loomed in America; about $145. Earrings by Marvella. Both: Altman's. Suit: Gus Mayer; L.S. Ayres; Dayton's. Aris gloves. Hat by Miss Alice. This is spring—one of its best suit-looks, right, some of its most likeable colours. Three-piece suit in tones of brown wool plaided with white; its toss of jacket, quite straight, very neatly collared. From the Sophie ready to wear collection at Saks Fifth Avenue. Crescendoe vicuña-brown gloves.

PENN

Three-piece suit, whitened plaid



Look of linen, shirt effects

A shirt-spill of roughened white rayon, near right—rangy, unwaisted, lean as a whippet—with enormous patch pockets, shirt-cuffs, and a clean, ovalled throatline—drawn down until it clears the collarbone. To wear, as here, with brown: a brimmed hat, coffee kidskin gloves. By Larry Aldrich, of Anglo fabric, about $110. Hat: Christian Dior-New York. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Burdine's; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson. Dawnelle gloves. Toff-tailored white pullover and skirt, far right, in the best Balenciaga mood (he launched this thing called toff). Disciplined but dégagé with these toff details: the pocket flaps, dropped shoulders, carved set-away collar, the patte-boutonnière closing, and—above all—the pullover's lean, unwaisted line. Dress by Cooper-Couture, of worsted whipcord (Fabric by the Rings). About $185; Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Gloves by Fuchs. Lilly Daché beige hat.

PENN



Pullover
plan–
toff
tailoring

Pullover dress, curved by seams

Pullover dress, left, curved lightly to the body by an oval of seaming. The sleeves set-in, the neckline a shallow curve. Dress, by Georgia Bullock, of caramel-coloured silk with the crisp, dry hand of linen; about $90. K.J.L. earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Gus Mayer; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. The coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures Americana. Whitest crêpe, right, with a short, breezy little top; belted in shiny black lizard—a look made even more immaculate by shirt-front closing, carved collar. By Ben Barrack of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Wahnetah fabric); about $90. Hattie Carnegie; Hudson's; Rich's; Famous-Barr. Gloves by Grandoe. Emme hat—a Givenchy copy.

PENN



Whitest
crêpe
with
shirt effects

Coat
narrows,
iota of
shaping



Coat-and-dress look, waistlines on the rise

Narrow little coat, left, with an iota of shaping—no more—gleaned from curved seams. This is a casual breed of coat, a tan-and-white tweed, with ribbon-wrapped buttons, a far-out collar. Rising above it all: the turtle top of a white wool sweater. Coat by Country Tweeds, of wool, viscose, and nylon; about $60. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; H. & S. Pogue; J.W. Robinson. Sweater at Bernath. Coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures Americana. High-waisted moss-green coat, right, worn over a slim, high-waisted silk crêpe dress in the coat's green. Highlight costume (coat of bouclé wool by Strong, Hewat), about $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Dayton's; Makoff. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN



Curved carved coat, high-belted



⅞ suit, bi-cuffed

Reefer, ranking brass



Coat shape, left, with a leather sash in the upper waist register; the collar curved like a slice of melon. Also melon-like—the colour: bright orange-red. By Pierre Cardin for Zelinka-Matlick, of nubby mohair: about $110. High straw hat by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bonwit Teller. The coat, also at Montaldo's; Hudson's; I.Magnin. Knitted wool tweed, upper right, with these whiz-works: a seven-eighths coat, cuffs that show more cuffs. Lettuce green, with beige silk blouse. By Christian Dior-New York; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Hat by Mr. John. The reefer coat, lower right, an advanced classic for spring, made with a precise crispness. Navy-blue diagonal-weave wool with brass buttons—good with yellowy beige; for instance, the hat and gloves here. By Seymour Fox; about $200 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Hat by Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves: Wear-Right.

PENN

Plaid, racing black suède

Coming up fast—the bold plaids; the costume that combines two or more different textures. This one parlays a velvety night-black suède dress with a soft rough wool capecoat, in a dashing horse-blanket plaid of red, black, white. Costume by Bud Kilpatrick; capecoat of Bianchini wool. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The hat, a cascade of black straw "feathers," by Miss Alice.

Straight and narrow cape

Coming back—the cape, a 1963 success in Paris, in New York: newly straight and narrow, often plaid. Here, brown, taupe, and white wool, over white wool jersey. By Jean Louis. Of Jacques Verron plaid, Racine jersey. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Halston turban, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Silk-lined gloves: Shalimar. Elizabeth Arden's lipstick news: Printemps.

PENN





A clear case—unbacked curves

Strapless brassière with boned sides that cling with a downward curve to keep the front firmly in place, leave the back bare and plungey. By Hollywood Vassarette, in Antron nylon made with Lycra; about $11. Later at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

The case of the soothing bath

For the woman who couldn't have got through winter without a soothing bath oil (quite a lot of women, judging from the fifteen million dollars spent on bath oil last year), the news is: now bath oils are going into soaps. Sardo is ready this minute with a silky bar to wash hands, faces, bodies with the same protective film that made its bath oil a balm.

The new curve in lingerie

Curves. There's no doubt about their rôle. What they're doing now is moving in to take the edge off of that dress-body term, "the figure." Narrow but rounded, substantial but at the same time slight, *the body is the figure of the moment,* and its condition, not its set of proportions, is what interests. It wears its next-to-skin clothes lightly—clothes chosen for their charm, but clever as anything at making the line of the body move and flow. On these six pages, some of the 1963 body clothes—along with a few beauty ideas you may want to exercise. The undercurrent in the new beauty thinking is this: shape-improvement does not invariably begin with diet unless you're at the extreme of fatness or thinness. Diet is useful but secondary, but to mean anything for keeps, it must be held to firmness by toning.

Infrablue—
half-shell slip

Under warming influence, a swarm of scallops get the edge on a half-slip of pale-blue nylon tricot. Its oyster: a white wool suit. By Van Raalte; about $7. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Magnin.

The other half
of exercise

Marvellous way to get muscles into a working frame of mind for an exercise session: a few minutes' warm-up with infrared heat. Note especially: this is infrared, not ultraviolet—we tend to consider the use of plug-in sun entirely a medical matter.

LOUIS FAURER



Confetti making light of shape

Splattered with flakes in bright confetti colours, a pantie girdle with Mighty Mouse properties—lightweight but packed with power that slims in an easy way. To wear with lingerie in any flake-colour, under skimmy clothes—possibly southern clothes. By Warner's, in power net of Lycra; about $10. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin.



Shape beyond the confetti line

Knee and thigh have a connection beyond the obvious: when one begins to go slack, the other follows. One key muscle, properly exercised, tightens both—and you can reach that muscle through Relax-A-cizor (if you have the right connections). That famous machine's transistor model handles eight placements at once, enough for a lot of quiet leg firming—and some splendid reading time.

LOUIS FAURER

We have always lived in the greenhouse

Two garden-fresh thoughts here—a half-slip printed in brilliant, big-bloomed flowers, a strapless brassière in clear, sunstruck yellow. Slip of nylon tricot; about $6. Brassière of nylon tricot and Lycra, with underwires and top edge of lace, about $6. Both by Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; and Frederick & Nelson.



We pipe in our own heat

Women whose hair is never in a state of letdown between hair appointments are apt to keep this appointment at home: a first-class hairdryer. The rage, in fact, appears to be to own two—a big, salon-size dryer (this treasured piece of furniture can be found at Sears, at about $90); as well as the portable, or the walk-around, dryer of the kind G. E., Sunbeam, Westinghouse, and Schick, all do beautifully.


JET
JET
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JET
JET
JET

Shaping to wear under brown

Flower-printed shapings in grey, black, café au lait. The brassière, nylon tricot made with Lycra sides, underlying wires; $9. Pantie girdle of Lycra, with a panel program for smoothness; $15. Both, designed by Emilio Pucci for the Formfit Designer Collection. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Giddings; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.

Time breakthrough in exercise

For the woman for whom exercise is (a) impossible in terms of time, but (b) something she'd better do anyway, Helena Rubinstein's New York salon has worked out a fine solution: a two-hour luncheon session every Tuesday for exercise class and diet luncheon (the latter, based on Knox gelatine). It's $60 complete for twelve weeks.

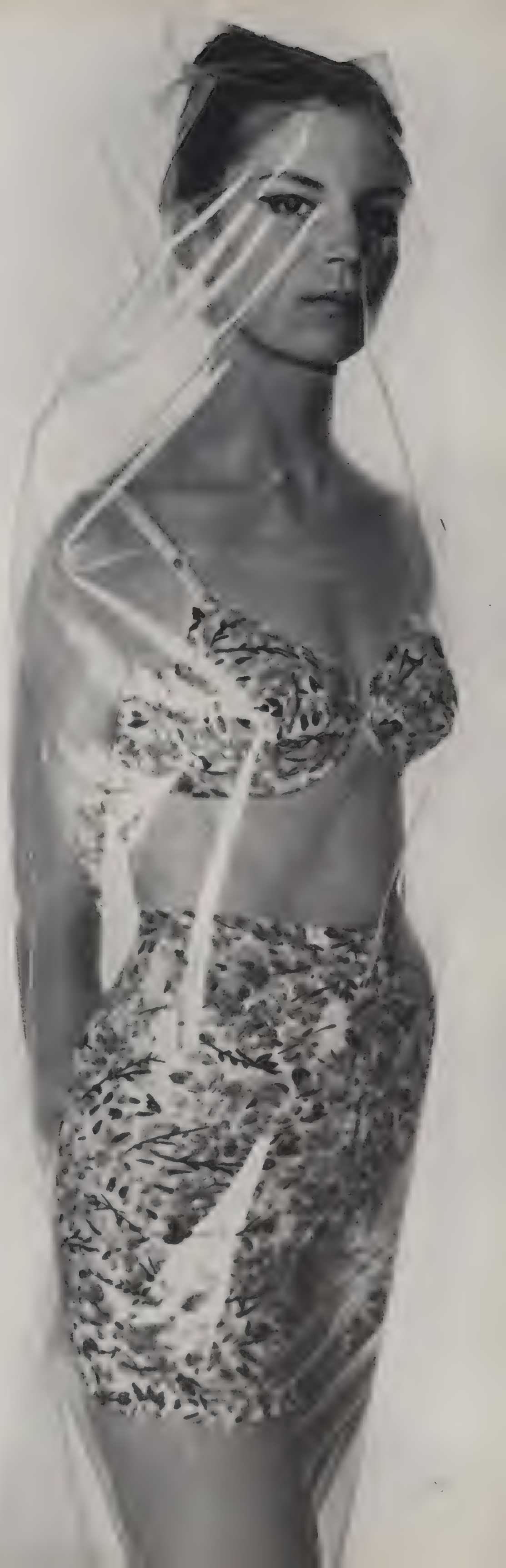
What's up—high-rising lines

A high-waisted girdle in cream and green, with diamond-shaped control stations. To wear? Under new higher-waisted, or unwaisted clothes. By Lily of France, in power net made of Lycra and Lycra lace; about $25. This, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.

Going down deliciously: weight

"The only proved way to lose weight is to eat less," to quote the medical statement that's done the most in our opinion toward fog-abatement in the field of diet. Unbeatable way to eat less is a liquid diet-food plan—to which Sego, a Pet Milk product, has new contributions to make: tomato and chicken soups that can also compound into diet gazpacho, diet chicken mousse. . . .

LOUIS FAURER







The straw idea started in Paris with wonderful silks, bamboo-woven to the airy texture of Chinese theatrical gauze—stiff, springy, with a soft lustre. One of these gauzy fabrics, called Gazar and made by Abraham, is with us now in subtle, enamouring Oriental tones, deep, pale, or printed, with a way of showing colour in depth, a dry crushcrush sound and feel. Strangely light, it has an unexpected firmness that makes it a natural for the new shapes in fashion now. Under straw influence, linens, cottons, and synthetics are showing up in weaves that run from comparatively fine-grained Panama to toile and canvas cloth. Even wools are straw-woven—closely caned, or openly gauzy. Swatched on the opposite page: two wool straws (the brilliant yellow, the olive green). Another straw weave, in red wool and Djellova rayon, is at the top of this page. These three, by Lesur. All other swatches, opposite, are one and the same straw fabric, exciting enough to be shown in six colours—red, dark green, dark blue, light blue, oatmeal, wheaty yellow. This, in contrast to silk straw-gauze, looks like tailor's muslin, with flecked salt-and-pepper tonality; it's a marvellously wiry (we've tried and *tried* to crush it) blend of Fibranne and viscose, by Staron. More straw weaves in clothes shown on the next pages: a slubbed wicker look called Barbacane; a similar, but heavier, fabric called Machicoulis. Both of Fibranne, by Staron. The last straw? The hat at upper left—along for the ride. A straw ride.

Silk straw, beaded. Crisping now for spring and summer parties, a long evening dress of black silk straw-cloth—quite stiff, with a crackling good shape. The top, flowered in pale-coloured beads. By Nat Kaplan, made of silk Gazar by Abraham; about $160 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz.

LOUIS FAURER

Straw-weaves— new dry wits of texture

Straw surfacing—A suit for most seasons, left, straw-woven to a light shredded-wheat texture—sleeveless skimmy dress with high neck, rajah jacket, in clear-sky blue. By Hannah Troy, in Staron's Barbacane of Fibranne; about $190. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Wm. H. Block; Dayton's. Halston Hat; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.
Straws with leather—Coat and dress, right, of a heavier straw weave, in celadon green; a strong leather statement in belt form. The coat has a Mandarin collar, back yoke. Belt: olive-green suède. By Adele Simpson, in Staron's Machicoulis of Fibranne. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Deep hat of straw-surfaced fabric by Lilly Daché.

LOUIS FAURER



VOGUE
PATTERNS



Dots—this spring's millimetres

Dots, all sizes, are turning up on new spring clothes everywhere—in the city and at resorts; at any time of day or evening. Here, two looks, long and short, both in Onondaga's crisp silk twill, dotted. Earrings by K. J. L. at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Opposite:* Hooded day dress, unwaisted, in a cool lighter-than-navy blue with licorice-wafer dots. This dress, Vogue Pattern 5775. *This page:* At-home evening dress—shifty-top. Dots in two sizes, two colours: petits-pois white dots on black; long skirt, bold black on white. Vogue Pattern 5821. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 136.

LOUIS FAURER

VOGUE PATTERN 5821

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ART?

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARCEL DUCHAMP ON PRESENT CONSEQUENCES OF NEW YORK'S 1913 ARMORY SHOW —— BY WILLIAM SEITZ

EDITOR'S NOTE: Undoubtedly the most scandalous, important, and exciting art exhibition ever held in this country took place February 17, 1913, when derisive New Yorkers saw their first full view of Picasso, Matisse, Rouault, Seurat, Van Gogh, and many others, including the star of the affair, Marcel Duchamp's canvas, "The Nude Descending a Staircase." Now, fifty years later, the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute at Utica, New York, has superbly rounded up as many as possible of the original paintings for an exhibition there this month, which will be sent in April to New York for the benefit of the Henry Street Settlement. To discuss that first Armory Show and its effect on Americans, Vogue asked the scholarly William Seitz to do a taped interview with Mr. Duchamp. Mr. Seitz, the Associate Curator of the Department of Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions of The Museum of Modern Art, directed not only the famously controversial "The Art of Assemblage," but also the exhibitions of the work of Arshile Gorky, Mark Tobey, and Claude Monet. Mr. Duchamp is a landmark in art.

W.S.: The "International Exhibition of Modern Art" held in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment Armory in February and March, 1913, just half a century ago, was the most significant, influential, and far-reaching event in the history of modern art in America. Writing about it just afterwards, Walter Pach commented that the Exhibition started chronologically with Ingres and carried the spectator through to Marcel Duchamp, born more than a century later.

M.D.: That I didn't know. That's wonderful.

W.S.: You were twenty-six, is that right?

M.D.: Yes.

W.S.: Before we talk of the effect of the Armory Show on American art in general, may I ask what its effect was on your life, both as a person and as an artist.

M.D.: I wasn't in New York, as you know. I only came to America more than two years later. So the first reaction was a letter from Walter Pach, telling me that "The Nude" was sold for $240. I think all four were sold—the two big ones were each $240 and the smaller ones were each $120.

W.S.: By "all four" you mean "The Nude Descending a Staircase," "The King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes," "Portrait of Chess Players," and the study for "The Nude," is that correct?

M.D.: Yes, that's right. The 1911 sketch for "The Nude," in oil on cardboard. The only thing I had sold before—I think in 1910 at the Independents show in Paris—was a landscape of Saint-Cloud, to an unknown person. And at the Salon d'Automne that year I sold a nude on a couch to Isadora Duncan. Two things in two years.

W.S.: But you had exhibited quite often. . . .

M.D.: Oh yes. At the Independents and the Salon d'Automne. In fact in 1910 I was named *Sociétaire*, which means that you can exhibit again without going through the jury, *hors concours*. Anyway, then came that bomb from the 1913 Armory Show in that letter from Pach. Of course the fact that you sell something is also a sort of confirmation of intentions for a young painter. Still, it was more scandal than success.

W.S.: I remember that the *American Art News* offered a prize for the best explanation of "The Nude Descending a Staircase." And of course the description of it as "an explosion in a shingle factory" became very famous. *The Evening Sun* ran a caricature representing subway riders, called "The Rude Descending a Staircase."

M.D.: Then there was another one later on by Clara Tice, a cartoonist. It was called "The Prude Descending a Staircase."

W.S.: By now almost everyone knows about "The Nude," and about your interest in chess, which led to the portrait of you and your brother, but "The King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes" is less well known. It seems to combine ideas from all the other pictures: chess, the nude, and stroboscopic representation of motion. Was this the last of the four?

M.D.: Yes, it was the last one. The moving nudes are mostly in the middle of the picture, between the king and the queen. It was done in May, 1912, in Neuilly.

W.S.: Aside from reactions to your pictures, in Paris did you get an impression of what an epochal, historic, and tempestuous event this was?

M.D.: The Armory Show wasn't very well accounted for in Paris. I don't think there was even a newspaper account of it, except for short notes, if any.

(Continued on next page)

MARCEL DUCHAMP

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN





"THE NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE," 1912, BY DUCHAMP

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ART?

Continued

W.S.: But your friend, the painter Francis Picabia, was in New York, wasn't he?

M.D.: Yes. He came here at the time of the Show and stayed a month. He also met Stieglitz, Steichen, and De Zayas. So when he came back he gave us a good description of what he had seen. But in Paris it didn't affect the art world as bomblike news.

W.S.: Before 1913, did you, your brothers (Jacques Villon and Raymond Duchamp-Villon), and the Cubist group with whom you were associated have a consciousness of American art as such?

M.D.: No, we had an idea that there was nothing, as far as modern art was concerned, in America. We only knew America for names like Sargent, and not even the Impressionists.

W.S.: Whistler?

M.D.: Yes, Whistler. Whistler and Sargent were the two American names even then. There was no consciousness of American art in the modern way in our group.

W.S.: Because you were young and not well-known it would be interesting, I think, to know the circumstances surrounding the selection of your four pictures.

M.D.: I don't know them too well because I wasn't even there. I know that Walter Pach came. Arthur B. Davies came too, but later. Kuhn and Pach were in charge of collecting the things and they went to my brothers. They knew about "The Nude" because it had been shown at the Independents in Paris the year before: "been shown" is a euphemism, because on the day before the opening Gleizes asked my brothers to go and ask me at least to change the title because he thought, after conferring with Delaunay, Le Fauconnier, and Metzinger that it was not cubistic in their sense—that it was off the beam of Cubism too much for them not to do something about it.

W.S.: Was it the addition of the kinetic element?

M.D.: Yes. They didn't like the kinetic element; they thought it was a ridiculization—a caricature—of Cubism and didn't want to be associated with it.

W.S.: Did you mean it to be a caricature?

M.D.: Not at all, not in the least. My problem was kineticism—movement—and they didn't even mention that because they didn't use movement in their paintings. Cubism is non moving.

W.S.: You mean, do you not, that in Cubist paintings the observer seems to move around the object, but the object remains motionless?

M.D.: Exactly. Anyway, my brothers came to my studio the day before the show was to open and said "The Cubists think it's a little off beam." They asked, "Couldn't you at least change the title?" They thought it was too much of a literary title, in a bad sense—in a caricatural way. A nude never descends the stairs—a nude reclines you know. Even their little revolutionary temple couldn't understand that a nude could be *descending* the stairs.

Anyway, the general idea was to have me change something to make it possible to show it, because they didn't want to reject it completely since they had a Cubist room at the 1912 Independents. So I said nothing. I said all right, all right, and I took a taxi to the show and took my painting and took it away. So it never was shown at the Independents of 1912, although it's in the catalogue.

It was shown six months later at the Section d'Or. I went to Munich in July, 1912 and stayed on until September, and the show—the Section d'Or—took place in October in Paris. In Munich I received a letter from Apollinaire asking me for a photograph of myself, because he was writing a book on Cubism. He had never met me then: we met for the first time at the show, which included the four paintings that were shown in the Armory Show four months later.

W.S.: When "The Nude" and your other pictures were shown at the Section d'Or, did they cause a shock reaction similar to New York's?

M.D.: There was a reaction, but it was a reaction to Cubism. Cubism was new enough for the public to react in a general way, but even the title "The Nude Descending a Staircase" didn't shock the French public as it did the American.

W.S.: I suppose this was because of the long tradition of representing the nude in France: the attitude toward the nude in art was totally different in the United States than in Europe.

M.D.: Yes, yes, sure. People were too reverential to the nude to make it come downstairs. I felt that. In fact, the first sketch in pencil that I made of it was in November, 1911 or even before that, when I did some illustrations for the poems of Jules Laforgue. But in that drawing I made the nude ascending, going up. Looking at it when the idea of kineticism came to me, I thought of introducing the descending instead of ascending.

W.S.: Do you have any idea why you decided to make the nude descending instead?

M.D.: No. I don't know. Because there is something more majestic in descending than in ascending.

W.S.: As in the High Baroque. . . .

M.D.: Yes; well, the old idea of the Music Hall, too, you know.

W.S.: You said a few moments ago that the reception of your paintings in New York was not success in the accepted sense, but rather a *succès de scandale.*

M.D.: A *succès de scandale*, yes.

W.S.: Yet coupled with the sale of the pictures this must have made you extremely happy.

M.D.: It did.

W.S.: And you were not resentful of the way it was received?

M.D.: Oh! No. No. Of course not. I was delighted to be a *succès de scandale* because for me it was a form of revolutionary action. You see if I were accepted with open arms that would be the opposite of what I wanted.

W.S.: Would you have been disappointed if it had been received as a beautiful and great painting?

M.D.: Probably. Yes. At least it wouldn't have fulfilled my intentions or hopes. After all, the idea of the Cubists at that time was to be entirely revolutionary and disturb completely every conception of art as it was accepted at that time. Upset the standards.

W.S.: While painting "The Nude" did you think of it as a picture which might be profoundly shocking to a lay audience?

M.D.: Oh! Of course. From Courbet on, that had always been the idea of modern art, and every ten or fifteen years a new school would come up and start again on another slope.

W.S.: You said once, when we were talking about this, that you wanted to shock yourself.

M.D.: Yes. That's the point; it's very difficult to shock oneself, you see. And that's why I say it must have shocked me when

I decided that descending was more important than ascending. That was a sort of refining of the idea of shocking. Not only the public but myself. I've been all my life in that attitude. I never do anything to please myself. None of the few things I have done in my life ever were finished with a feeling of satisfaction.

W.S.: Does this have any connection with your decision, some ten years later, not to paint anymore?

M.D.: Well, probably it had to . . . no, the decision is more general than that, and it was not a decision in the first place. It never was a decision; I can paint tomorrow if I wish. I don't find painting or the idea of painting or the painter or the artist today as suiting my attitude toward life. In other words, painting for me was a means to an end but not an end in itself. To be a painter for the sake of being a painter was never the ultimate aim of my life, you see. That's why I tried to go into different forms of activity—purely optical things and kineticism—which has nothing to do with painting.

W.S.: You were interested in revolutionary acts or in upsetting the canons, not in painting as such. Painting was a tool.

M.D.: Exactly. Painting was only a tool. A bridge to take me somewhere else. Where, I don't know. I wouldn't know because it would be so revolutionary in essence that it couldn't be formulated.

W.S.: Your kind of revolutionary activity apparently was never political. What adjective would you use to describe it? "Aesthetic?" "Philosophical?"

M.D.: No. No. "Metaphysical," if any. And even that is a dubious term. Anything is dubious. It's pushing the idea of doubt of Descartes, you see, to a much further point than they ever did in the School of Cartesianism: doubt in myself, doubt in everything. In the first place never believing in truth. In the end it comes to doubt "to be." Not doubt to say "to be or not to be"—that has nothing to do with it. There won't be any difference between when I'm dead and now, because I won't know it. You see the famous "to be" is consciousness, and when you sleep you "are" no more. That's what I mean—a state of sleepingness; because consciousness is a formulation, a very gratuitous formulation of something, but nothing else. And I go farther by saying that words such as truth, art, veracity, or anything are stupid in themselves. Of course it's difficult to formulate, so I insist *every word I am telling you now is stupid and wrong.*

W.S.: Could it be otherwise? Can you conceive of finding words which would be appropriate?

M.D.: No. Because words are the tools of "to be"—of expression. They are completely built on the fact that you "are," and in order to express it you have built a little alphabet and you make your words from it. So it's a vicious circle. I mean it's completely idiotic. I mean the language is a great enemy, in the first place. The language and thinking in words are the great enemies of man, if man exists. And even if he doesn't exist. . . .

W.S.: Now to go back to the Armory Show: it was a tremendous success for the "revolutionary" artists in the United States. Suppose this group had been totally accepted. Or suppose, in France, the Cubists had been totally accepted: what effect would that have had on their *esprit de corps*, on their newness, on their commitment?

M.D.: It would have been very bad, I think. It would have been terribly bad because there's nothing more demoralizing than success. When you are trying to shock and you're not shocking anyone, it's a shock. You see you have to keep on shocking. In other words, you little by little get your own little group of people who are with you fighting the big mass against you. Art is a second-fiddle social expression. After all you don't have to have art to eat, to live, to be comfortable, to make wars, anything. It's a decorative element in society, so you don't see why the layman should take it in.

W.S.: We keep applying the adjective "revolutionary" to painting and sculpture, or the term "avant-garde"—which after all is a military term. Do you think the idea of the "revolutionary artist" is valid?

M.D.: No, I don't. I think it's an easy way of expressing oneself but it doesn't mean a thing. In other words there is no revolutionary spirit; actually there is a difference in time flowing. In other words, after 1952 comes 1953 and you can not expect '53 to be like '52.

W.S.: But you, too, looked at yourself at one time as a revolutionary.

M.D.: Yes, I spoke the word, I used it because everybody used it, but I'm against the word in itself. I mean, it doesn't mean a thing. It's a false use.

W.S.: How would you compare the "revolutionary" artists of 1963 with those of your youth—let us say of 1910-1913?

M.D.: Well, for one thing, at that time—1910—Kandinsky and Kupka produced abstract or "nonfigurative" works; then came the Cubist period, and then a second wind of nonfiguration appeared between the two wars. A man a thousand years from now—even two hundred years from now—will see it as much more compact. As one piece. It will be Kandinsky *and* Pollock. Together.

W.S.: In 1960 we had what some called Neo-Dada. Was this, in your opinion, the same thing as . . .

M.D.: No, it was not Dada. Just as Abstract Expressionism is not like Kandinsky at all. Pollock is not like Kandinsky at all; but time will unite them under one label: nonfiguration.

W.S.: Would you agree that, after the Armory Show, the most important art-historical event in New York was the period just after the Second War? It was the first time when the movements from Europe began to be . . .

M.D.: Terminated, yes. But all this comes to a very simple conclusion, you know: there is no art; there are only artists. In other words, the school has absolutely no importance. It's only a few names, a few men who are so powerful in themselves that they impose their work.

Whether it's figurative, nonfigurative, Cubistic, or anything else has absolutely no importance. "Pop Art" is the same thing. If you're "Pop" you're somebody today. But that doesn't mean you're the great artist of tomorrow. In other words it's just like newspapers appearing every day with the news.

W.S.: Are you saying that the true history of art is the history of individual men? Of individual artists?

M.D.: Yes, *uniquement;* that's the only thing that counts.

W.S.: Their relationship to the society in which they worked—the fact that they happen to have been regarded as ultra-conservatives, ultraradicals, or middle-of-the-roaders—is, in your opinion, totally irrelevant.

M.D.: Yes, absolutely. The fortunate thing is that we in 1963 and people in the year 2000 will name the five or six top men. Those who have most chance of keeping on top are the ones who have worked in a very solid material that will defy time.

W.S.: It's interesting that so many artists now work in very perishable materials, such as refuse and old newspapers.

M.D.: Yes that's (Continued on page 129)



"THE KING AND QUEEN SURROUNDED BY SWIFT NUDES," 1912, BY DUCHAMP

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, THE LOUISE AND WALTER ARENSBERG COLLECTION



SHE WILL WAIT UNTIL SHE CAN SEE THE TOP MAN HIMSELF AND SHE WILL GET WHAT SHE WANTS

The brawny drawings of William Steig have insolence and a fluoroscopic quality. Steig sees the skittering of minds, the surprise of gestures, people caught in excessive deceptions, in murderous affectations. Some of his outrage lies in these seven drawings, part of the new Steig book—*Continuous Performance.*

"SOME NOTES ON AFFECTATION"

BY WILLIAM STEIG



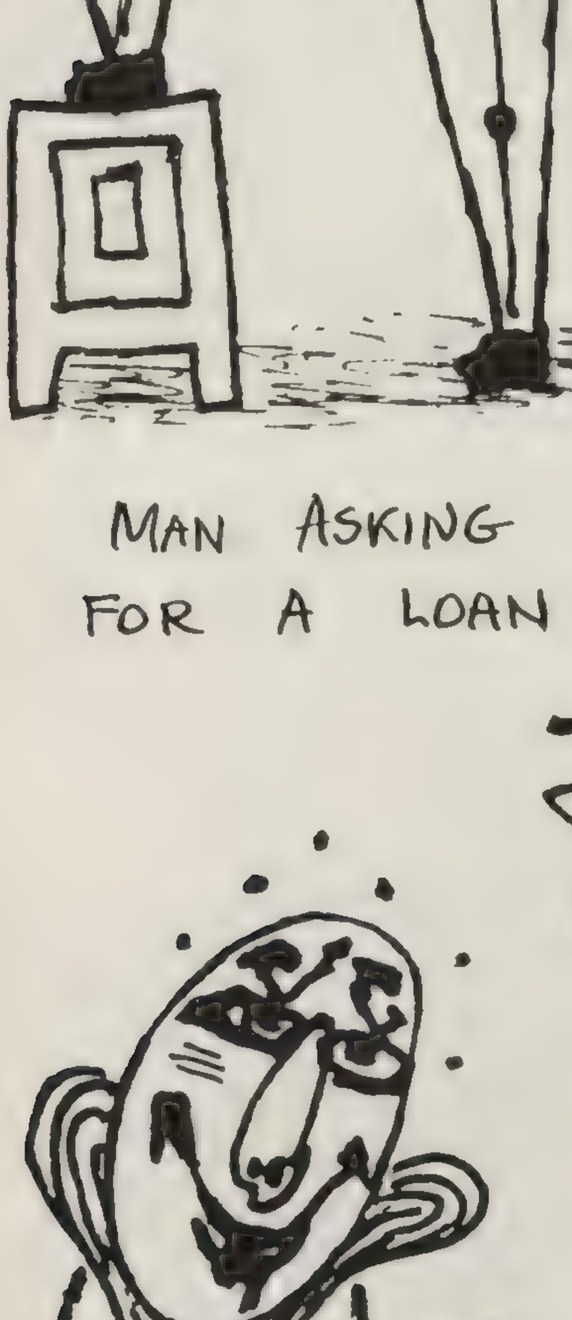
MAN ASKING FOR A LOAN



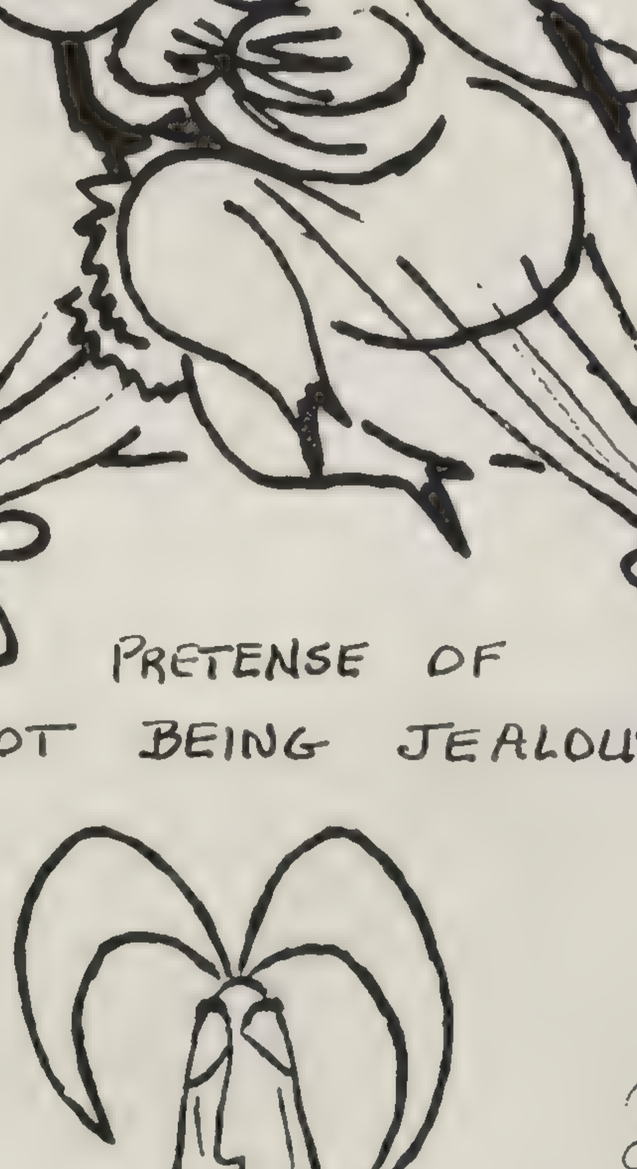
THE INSINCERE COMPLIMENT



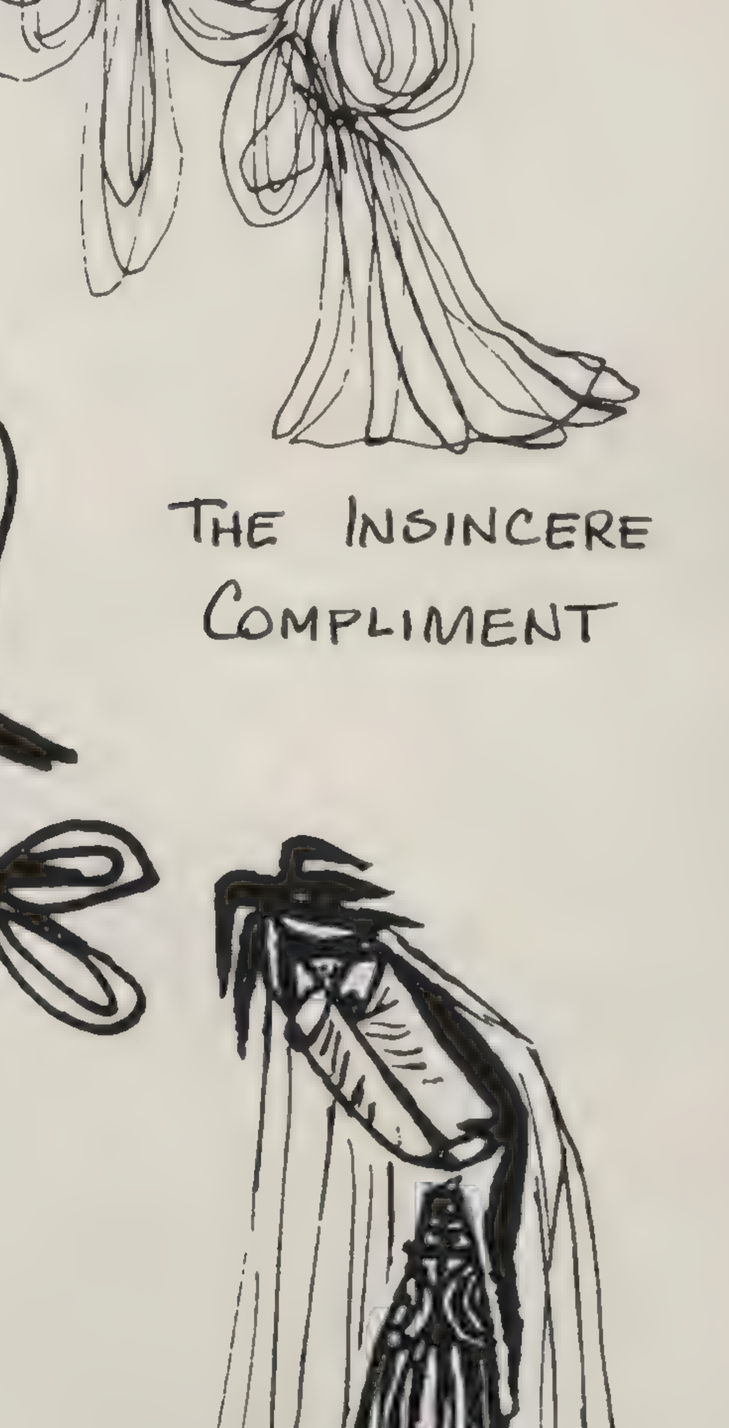
PRETENSE OF NOT BEING JEALOUS



MAN ADMITTING HIS OWN SHORTCOMINGS



INITIATE



THE READY COMMISERATOR

What's fragile skin... what isn't

Or, what's a hothouse complexion; what isn't? In the hope of clearing up some misconceptions—and at the same time some skins we know—we grilled a chemist whose profession is skin-biology. Serving up first a few apéritif facts, he began with a small round of items: "Did you know that each one of us has miles of skin in his make-up?"... and "The difference between men and women is that men are believed to have only six layers of skin, whereas women have seven, which is why women are 'plumper' than men," a statement that produced general applause and certain laughter.

He proceeded then to put an adhesive chemical label on fragile skin. It is "that type of skin which for any number of reasons does not remain intact," with any-number-of-reasons including external and internal doings, emotional behaviour as well as physical make-up. The skin that's the equivalent of good digestion—that is, the skin for which you seldom have to make allowances—is obviously *not* fragile. Surprisingly, neither is angry young skin, which by definition is skin temporarily out of order and in only temporary need of special medication. On the other hand, the skin with a long list of "can'ts" is fragile. So is brittle skin, patchy skin, skin given to unpredictable responses; so, as you might have guessed, is skin that appears to chafe easily.

Who tends toward what, we asked; and what sort of controls—internal, external, psychological—will help? "People who undergo emotional stress on a pretty regular basis, hot-tempered, trigger-happy people, do not on the whole erupt in rashes," the chemist continued. That did astonish us, but the sequel didn't: "It's the bottled-up types who tend toward skin that exhibits a difference from the norm." (That checks, we decided, mentally rehanging the psychiatry diploma we'd awarded ourselves and then lost a minute ago.) As for the internal terrain: "There are substances which cause in some people a direct or immediate reaction; strawberries for instance. Then, there are those which cause an indirect, or several-days-later reaction; such oils as sassafras, anisette, thyme operate this way for certain people."

The list of possible food escapades went on. But as it and other accountables continued, the conclusion began to seem clear to us. There are, quite simply, quite a lot of people with a degree of skin fragility. And this, in turn, accounts for what may turn into a fairly fascinating cosmetic trend—the formulation of more and more cosmetics and skin-treatment products especially screened for fragile skin. Dermetics, for one, has just initiated a group of four liquid products called "Inner Circle." Effective at cleansing, brisking, lubricating, and moisturizing, their fascination lies not in their "blandness," but rather in their sophistication. They are scented charmingly, but scented with ingredients tested against trouble-making tendencies; they are rich, meant for grown-up skins with grown-up needs, but have been cleared of ingredients that might ordinarily make an over-fragile skin fly off the handle. Obviously not for everyone, but worth a try for the skin that's been acting dissatisfied: the first "Inner Circle" beauty preparations. These and Adolfo's silky-flower circle worn by the fragile-skinned beauty on the opposite page, are at Bloomingdale's and Frederick & Nelson. The beauty preparations alone can also be found at Hudson's and Marshall Field.

Luxe living for the hothouse complexion

PENN



A LOST GREEK LOOK RETRIEVED

HOW THE NICHOLAS GOULANDRISES HAD THE FURNITURE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY, B.C., RE-CREATED FOR THEIR NEW ATHENS FLAT.



MRS. NICHOLAS GOULANDRIS, a collector of Cycladic and other Greek antiquities, photographed in her new apartment, resting on a *kline*, the classical Greek sleeping-dining couch. *Opposite:* Placed in the ruined Temple of Artemis at Vravron, some of the Goulandris re-created furniture, its designs taken in essence by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings from painted Greek vases. Full story on the next four pages.

JOHN STEWART



"The joy of life," wrote Edith Hamilton, "is written upon everything the Greeks left behind." Among the things the Greeks left behind are suggestions of the beautiful furniture of their Golden Age. They left, in addition, some beautiful descendants, one of them Mrs. Nicholas Goulandris, a young brunette of immense and immediate warmth, and a quite unreproducible charm. "Both stimulating and tranquillizing," one friend said of her, "like a simultaneous dose of Benzedrine and Miltown." In addition to these virtues, Mrs. Goulandris is an earnest student, an enthusiastic delver into Greek antiquities, photography, the Italian language, French eighteenth-century furniture.

Her interest in French furniture accidentally engendered the remarkable, not-a-thing-French-about-it flat shown on these pages. In the many high-ceilinged rooms of their New York apartment, the family—Mr. and Mrs. Goulandris plus Peter, thirteen—spend the winter in surroundings of comfortable, elegant formality. There Mrs. Goulandris has a collector's collection of Louis tables and chairs, some of them signed, with, over all, the lustre of vermeil, silver, and crystal. For her summer flat in Athens, a point of departure for her husband's shipping business and for the Goulandris boating and beach life, Mrs. Goulandris was about to do what, when in Greece, some worldly Greeks do: fill the flat with good French copies. After choosing the pieces, and completing her arrangements with Saridis, the most important maker of Greek furniture, she saw in his display room an extraordinary photograph of a *klismos*, the gently-curved fifth-century B.C. chair. Aware that there was no extant ancient Greek chair, Mrs. Goulandris asked about it. "It was made for a museum," Mr. Saridis explained, adding that the reborn classic was the result of long research by the American designer, T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, research not only into the design but the exact construction of fifth-century Greek furniture.

Mrs. Goulandris cancelled her French reproductions, and, with Robsjohn-Gibbings, went to work, with restraint, little embellishment, and great scholarship, on the first re-creation of a fifth-century setting in some twenty-five hundred years. Although Heinrich Schliemann, the nineteenth-century archaeologist, had experimented with some classical Greek reproductions, and Gisela Richter, whose book on ancient furniture singularly illuminates this field, had some pieces made for the Metropolitan Museum, there had never been a fifth-century interior re-creation on this scale. Even Robsjohn-Gibbings' first New York studio, 1936, which was, *The New York Times* said, "A drawing room suggesting what such a room would have been like in Athens, fifth century, B.C.," did not embody the fidelity of reproduction that the new Goulandris apartment does.

The flat that emerged from the Goulandris-Gibbings collaboration is a quiet composition of white marble, pale terra-cotta-coloured walls, waxed walnut—its colours, retreating blues and roses and beiges, taken from a Sicilian vase in the Metropolitan Museum. In the stoa, *opposite*, a portico which faces the Greek royal palace, light glows through the thin marble of a fountain, the water of which springs from a lion's-head rainspout, second century B.C. Bougainvillea climbs a trellis behind a sliding white lattice, a grille design carved in stone in the Agora. The round table (three-legged, whence its name *trapeza*) has legs consistent with the precision of the whole project. From classic Greek table legs in a museum in Palermo, plaster casts were made, shipped to Robsjohn-Gibbings in New York, cast in bronze, and then flown back to Athens. They come directly out of time, unchanged, unretouched. (Continued next page)

THE GOULANDRIS ATHENS APARTMENT

Continued

Re-creation of a Greek chest: From a painting on a vase, *right*, Robsjohn-Gibbings designed and constructed for Mrs. Goulandris the chest in the portico, *opposite*. In ancient Greece such a chest, which served as both closet and chair, often had Greek key decoration, often white painted with this same brilliant Aegean blue.



JOHN STEWART



MRS. GOULANDRIS ON THE TERRACE: IN WHITE TUNIC AND ATHENIAN GOLD COPIES OF MYCENAEAN JEWELLERY.

"What distinguishes Robsjohn-Gibbings from other designers who have flirted with classic design is that Gibby lets well enough alone," one expert in Golden Age Greek matters said. In re-creating, Robsjohn-Gibbings did not add one sly detail nor refine one unrefinable line. What distinguishes Mrs. Goulandris, in the decoration of this flat, is that she went right along with him, proceeding with scholarly caution. The results are not only laudable, lovable, but most livable-with.

The floors are a pale wash of white Pentelican marble, a material in Greece less expensive than plastic tile—"we did the whole bathroom in marble for less than $100," Mrs. Goulandris said. Except for the collection of Mycenaean pottery and Boeotian and Cycladic figures, shown in the shadow box *opposite*, the walls remain bare, for Mrs. Goulandris has found nothing yet that seems right in this setting, neither icons nor modern paintings. Whatever goes there will definitely be Greek, for Mrs. Goulandris's preoccupation with the new, as well as the old, craftsmanship of her land—its textiles, its artifacts—is one of the flatteries of her flat. In the living room, *below*, a temporary needlework rug (for that spot, another Greek needlework rug is in work from a mosaic design found in Salonika) lies between two Robsjohn-Gibbings stools and a modern beige sofa, cushioned rose, blue, and mauve. The detail, from an earthen plaque, sixth century B.C., *below left corner*, is a duplicate of the folding stool, shown directly to its right. (Servants used to carry these on their shoulders for their masters' convenience.) Facing that stool is another one, its design from a detail in a Parthenon frieze *(bottom left, facing page)*.

Although the Goulandris Athens flat reaches about as far back into history as interior design can reach, one of its most provocative pleasures is paradox. Its look is completely now.

THE GOULANDRIS ATHENS APARTMENT

Continued







The warming rose-walnut-beige glow of the Goulandris dining room, *above,* has for constant dramatis personae the exquisite objects on the marble shelves and in the lighted shadow box—of those objects, the newest is seventh century B.C., the oldest prehistoric. The table is a walnut copy of a stone one found on the island of Delos; the rose-cushioned chair, a leather-thonged *klismos*—seen, too, at the right in a detail from a fifth century B.C. jug. The appearance on vases of this nobly-proportioned chair led Robsjohn-Gibbings into the explorations and later designs about which there is a great deal more on page 127.

JOHN STEWART





ED KASPER

THE MOBILE, NOBLE CHAFING DISH

Some of the flair in the flare of the chafing dish is its unabashed theatricality. With it, as with all good theatre, the tedious part of the production gets done backstage, the amusement in front of the audience. The following recipes are from ten rather spectacular cooks who consider their chafing dishes among their most spectacular assistants. In 1920 in *Main Street* Sinclair Lewis defined Carol Kennicott: "She played tennis, gave chafing-dish parties." The chafing-dish era indeed belongs to two thousand years, including this year.

10 MENUS, 10 RECIPES, FROM 10 GOOD COOKS

MRS. JOHN SPENCER CHURCHILL

Mrs. Churchill, born in Sweden, has a town house in London, a mill in Southern France. The wife of John Spencer Churchill, a painter who is a nephew of Sir Winston, she entertains constantly, often with a chafing-dish entrée and a first course of Swedish Eel Pâté, paper-thin slices of fillet of smoked eel, mushrooms, and pared lemon, baked in a well-flavoured veal stock. Her menu:

SWEDISH EEL PÂTÉ
SALMIS OF CHICKEN
RICE
TOSSED GREEN SALAD
FRUIT MERINGUE
WINE: CALON-SÉGUR, 1959

HOW TO MAKE SALMIS OF CHICKEN
(For four to six people)

Beforehand: Clean and truss *2 small frying chickens;* spread with a little softened butter and roast in oven until partially cooked. Cut into serving pieces and reserve. Sauté *1 finely chopped Bermuda onion, 2 finely chopped small carrots,* and *2 cloves finely chopped garlic* in *4 tablespoons butter* until golden. Pour in *1 cup good red wine* and simmer, stirring continuously, until wine reduces a little. Add *1 rounded tablespoon flour* and stir vigorously until sauce thickens; then add *1½ cups well-flavoured chicken stock* and juices from birds, *2 sprigs thyme, 1 bay leaf, salt,* and *freshly ground black pepper* to taste. Cover the pan and simmer gently for 1 hour. Strain sauce.

At the table: Sauté *½ pound sliced button mushrooms* in blazer pan of chafing dish in *2 tablespoons butter* and *juice of ½ lemon* until tender. Add chicken pieces and enough sauce to cover, and simmer for 5 minutes, or until chicken is heated through and the flavour of the sauce has permeated the birds. Fry *12 bread triangles* in remaining butter and place 6 on a heated serving dish; cover with salmis; sprinkle with finely chopped *parsley* and garnish with remaining fried croutons.

MR. SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

Mr. Morse, a Californian and grandson of the famous painter and inventor of the telegraph, has invented a recipe for Welsh Rabbit that goes as fast as a telegram. He makes it usually after midnight, either in a double-boiler chafing dish or in a heavy iron frying pan, and has this to say about it. "You will find people who think it is disgraceful to use an egg, but if you don't use one, you take a chance of having a stringy product which is absolutely useless.... The important things are to get good bitey rat cheese and under no circumstances to substitute milk for beer." His menu:

WELSH RABBIT
GREEN SALAD
BEER

HOW TO MAKE WELSH RABBIT
(For six people)

Line pan with small amount of butter. Add *2 heaping cups sharp cheese,* cut in pieces or grated. Melt cheese and pour in *¼ bottle of beer.* When the cheese and beer have mixed and are reheating, put in *1 beaten egg.* Stir the mixture very quickly when the egg is added. When done pour in about *1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Salt, pepper,* and a *pinch or two dry mustard* may be added to taste. While it is still very runny, pour rabbit over thin toast or crackers.

MRS. BERTRAND TAYLOR

Mrs. Taylor loves to cook for friends in both her Paris and her New York apartments and finds the chafing dish a splendid way to do it. For her Lobster in Dill Sauce, she arranges all the ingredients around the chafing dish, the green dill and the red lobster making a pretty picture, the chicken broth and the white wine heated and waiting in a small pitcher. In another chafing dish, the first course, Essence of Mushrooms, made ahead, just has to be reheated, with sherry added at the last moment. Her menu:

ESSENCE OF MUSHROOMS
LOBSTER IN DILL SAUCE
STEAMED RICE
CRUSTY FRENCH BREAD
FIELD SALAD WITH BEETS
CHEESE TRAY
LIME MERINGUE PIE
WINES: POUILLY-FUMÉ, 1961
CHÂTEAU MARGAUX, 1955

HOW TO MAKE LOBSTER IN DILL SAUCE
(For four people)

Beforehand: In *3 tablespoons hot butter* in a skillet, toss *2½ cups lobster meat* for a few minutes. At the table: In the blazer pan of the chaf-

ing dish, directly over flame, melt *4 tablespoons butter*. When bubbly, add *2 shallots*, minced, or ½ *small onion*, and simmer, stirring gently. In about 1 minute, add *3 tablespoons flour*, cook another minute or two. Add ½ *teaspoon paprika* and stir smooth. Add ¾ *cup hot dry white wine*, and ¾ *cup hot chicken broth*, and stir until smooth and thickened. Add lobster, cut into small pieces. Add ½ *cup cream*, a good squeeze of *lemon juice*, *salt*, *pepper*, and *1 tablespoon fresh-cut dill*. Toss and heat thoroughly. Let simmer a minute. Transfer blazer pan over hot water. Serve with steamed rice.

MRS. RALPH COLIN

Mrs. Colin, a New York interior designer, shares with her husband two delving interests: art and music. In their New York apartment, where they live with a notable collection of paintings and sculpture, Mrs. Colin frequently entertains in connection with one or another of these interests. This menu, for instance, might be for a dinner before, or a supper after, a preview at The Museum of Modern Art, of which Mr. Colin is a vice-president. While the guests eat the first course, Mrs. Colin prepares Chicken Colin at a chafing dish in the dining room on a nineteenth-century English coaching table. Her menu:

WHITEBAIT, OYSTER-CRABS, SCALLOPS
CHICKEN COLIN
RICE RING
STRING BEANS WITH ALMONDS
CUBED PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRIES WITH KIRSCH SERVED IN PINEAPPLE SHELLS
WINE: CARRUADES DE CHÂTEAU LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD, 1953

HOW TO MAKE CHICKEN COLIN

(For eight people)

Beforehand: Have butcher cut ¼ inch slices from *breasts of 3 chickens*, as for veal scaloppine. Remove tops from ½ *pound mushrooms*, slice and cook in a little salted water. Put aside. Strain out juice in can from whole tomatoes. Put ½ *cup canned Italian whole tomatoes* through a fine sieve, and combine with *2 tablespoons Italian tomato paste*. Mix in ¼ *cup finely-grated Parmesan cheese*. Put in sauce boat. On a tray arrange a platter of sliced raw chicken, cooked mushrooms, prepared tomato sauce, ½ *pound butter or margarine*, ¼ *cup Parmesan cheese*, finely grated, ½ *cup brandy*, *1 pint heavy cream*, *paprika*, *salt*, and *pepper*.

At the table: Light flame under chafing dish or crêpes-suzettes pan. Put plenty of butter in pan. When the pan is really warm and the butter melted, place all the thin slices of chicken breasts in it. The raw chicken slices are pink. Cook chicken but do not fry or allow to brown. Keep adding butter as it cooks down. When the chicken is tender and white, start to make sauce over it, making sure that plenty of melted butter remains in pan. Keep turning meat over and stirring sauce constantly. Add cooked mushrooms, letting butter cook into them a little before adding already prepared tomato sauce. Then pour in brandy. When brandy is warm, let it flame. Be sure cream is at room temperature to prevent curdling. Stir in cream well, then remaining Parmesan cheese, salt, pepper, and paprika. Keep turning meat over and stirring sauce constantly. When sauce has had a chance to cook into meat, remove meat to plates and spoon sauce over it. Serve with rice.

MISS CAROL TRUAX

Miss Truax, a one-time college professor of fine arts, said that, at the age of three, she was busily learning how to handle a canvasback duck as well as some of the other fine points of entertaining. The teacher was her father, Judge Charles Truax, whose biography she is now writing. About this menu she wrote: "Here is a Sunday night supper prepared in a Mongolian cooker—the common ancestor of the chafing dish, the Swiss fondue dish, and the Japanese hibachi.

"The centrepiece should be a decorative brass cooker, sometimes called a steamboat, with a funnel in the centre for charcoal which keeps the surrounding broth simmering. (The broth is a good chicken stock, with a little soy sauce—not too much seasoning, as it takes its flavour from the food cooked in it at table.) In front of each guest is a bowl of rice, and, within reach, soy sauce, duck sauce, Chinese mustard. Each person is given chopsticks and a small wire scoop; wire tea strainers can be substituted. With these implements each one cooks his own meal, dipping the bit of raw food into the hot broth or sauces." Miss Truax's menu:

CHICKEN
Thin slices in soy sauce, ginger.

BEEF
Lean steak, paper-thin, with waxed paper between slices.

SHRIMP
Split, sprinkled with 5-spice powder or monosodium glutamate.

FISH BALLS
Codfish balls or quenelles.

MUSHROOMS
Caps stuffed with a mix of minced onions sautéed with minced mushroom stems and chopped water chestnuts, blended with beaten egg and a little cream; seasoned with salt, pepper, a little garlic. The caps must be packed tight.

RAW CAULIFLOWER OR BROCCOLI
Broken into small flowerets.

LETTUCE
Delicious when cooked only half a minute.

CELERY, CABBAGE, OR WATERCRESS SPRIGS

BEAN CURD
Cut in ¾-inch cubes.

RICE

SEVERAL SAUCES

TEA

MRS. NORBERT McKENNA

Mrs. McKenna, Vogue's Food Editor, likes to talk with her guests while she prepares this flaming chafing-dish recipe for a Sunday night supper—in front of the fire at her country house in Connecticut, or at the marble-top table in her big New York kitchen. Her menu:

OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL
With Mignonette sauce.
TOURNEDOS ALEXANDRA
POTATO PUFFS
HOT ENORMOUS ASPARAGUS TIPS
CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
WINE: A YOUNG BURGUNDY

HOW TO MAKE TOURNEDOS ALEXANDRA

(For four people)

Beforehand: Have the butcher cut *4 tournedos* (4-ounce round slices of fillet of beef), wrap them in lard, and tie them. A little ahead of assembling time, melt *3 tablespoons of butter* in a heavy iron skillet, and get it very hot. Sauté

(Continued on page 126)



Pink-Beige . . . a subtle, lovely shade exquisitely coordinated in Marja's new, exclusive brassiere, and matching Lycra Spandex panty-girdle. Bra has Lycra in back and around the uplift cups in front. Lightly boned. B, C, D. $10 . . . DD $10.95. The lace trim panty-girdle has ribbon reinforced front panel and long legs. $15. Also comes in ice blue, white or black.

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BUY

U.S. SAVINGS

BONDS

THE MOBILE. NOBLE CHAFING DISH

(Continued from page 125)

the room-temperature tournedos at high heat for 3 or 4 minutes on each side. Season with *salt* and *freshly-ground pepper.*

Keep warm, covered with foil on the platter on which they will be brought for service. Pour off the fat in the skillet, and deglaze with ½ *cup of bouillon.* Add *1 tablespoon tomato paste* and ½ *cup canned brown gravy,* and *1 tablespoon Madeira* or *dark sweet sherry,* simmer a minute or two, stirring. Pour into a small service bowl or pitcher. Dot with a little butter to prevent a crust forming. Slice *1 large truffle* (optional), add the liquor from it to the sauce in the pitcher. Put the sliced truffle in a serving dish.

Have *4 tablespoons warmed Armagnac* in a small pitcher, and ½ *stick of butter* on a plate. Assemble all ingredients around the chafing dish, also *4 fried toast rounds. 2 shallots* or *1 small chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley,* salt and pepper grinder, and very hot plates.

At the table: Melt *2 tablespoons of butter* in the blazer pan over the chafing dish flame. Simmer the minced shallots or onion till slightly golden; add the tournedos, and heat quickly on both sides adding a little butter if needed. Pour the Armagnac into a large spoon. Hold in the chafing dish so the spoon heats up. Pour over the beef, and light.

When the flames have subsided, add the pitcher of brown sauce, adding a little bouillon if it is too thick, let simmer a minute, adding any juices from the meat platter. Turn off the heat, add the remaining cold butter, swirl it around, add the truffles, and sprinkle with parsley. Place a tournedos on a round of fried toast, spoon some of the sauce over it, decorate with a slice of truffle.

MRS. ROBERT McCORMICK

Mrs. McCormick and her husband, who live in New York, find that having one other couple in for a quick pre-theatre chafing-dish meal makes for good curtain-timing. Guests are asked for six forty-five, have drinks in the drawing room; on its walls paintings, including clusters of the exquisite small flower paintings Mrs. McCormick does herself. After the drinks and an appetizer, everybody goes into the dining room. Mrs. McCormick mixes and tosses Crab Meat Dewey at a chafing dish set on the sideboard. She serves it on warm plates to a maid who passes them to the seated guests. Her menu:

CLEAR CHICKEN BROTH
CRAB MEAT DEWEY
TOAST POINTS
PÊCHES SUZANNE
MIGNONS
WINE: SANCERRE

HOW TO MAKE CRAB MEAT DEWEY

(For four people)

Warm *6 ounces butter* directly over the flame in the blazer pan. When melted and hot, add *2 tablespoons julienned green peppers,* and cook 2 minutes. Add *2 tablespoons julienned mushrooms,* and cook two minutes more. Add *1 pound fresh crab meat, 1 cup heavy cream,* and *2 tablespoons julienned sweet peppers.* Bring to a boil, and season with *salt* and *freshly-ground black pepper.* Take off the fire and add *3 slightly beaten egg yolks* and *1 wineglass dry sherry.* Place the water pan filled with warm water on the stand. Replace the blazer pan, but do not let the mixture boil or it will curdle. Serve on toast points.

MRS. JOHN RUNNELLS

Mrs. Runnells for winter table decorations in her Lake Forest house likes to forecast spring: with pale-pink linen cloths and napkins, red and pink tulips; when she uses pale-blue cloths, huge fresh pansies. Twelve to eighteen guests are seated at round tables for six, with place cards. Everything except the main course is passed. She puts her chafing dishes on the sideboard. Her menu:

PHEASANT JUBILEE
BARLEY CASSEROLE
BUTTERED WHOLE BABY
GREEN SQUASH
GRAPEFRUIT, AVOCADO, AND
APPLE WEDGES
CORN MUFFINS
GINGERBREAD ROLL
WINES: CHARLES KRUG—
CHENIN BLANC, 1959
JOHANNISBERGER SPÄTLESE
NATUR, 1959

HOW TO MAKE PHEASANT JUBILEE

(For ten to twelve people)

Shake *4 pheasants,* quartered, in bag of well-seasoned flour. Melt ¼ *pound butter* in skillet and brown birds thoroughly. Place birds in deep casserole. Combine these: *1 chopped onion,* ½ *cup seedless raisins, 1 cup chili sauce,* ½ *cup water,* ½ *cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce,* ¼ *teaspoon garlic powder* in the skillet. Deglaze and pour sauce over the birds, cover and bake 1½ hours in 325° oven. Remove cover, add *1 cup sherry,* and *1 16-ounce can Bing cherries,* drained, and continue to bake 15 minutes longer. To serve, transfer into deep chafing or warming dish.

MRS. MERRILL SHEPARD

Mrs. Shepard, the English actress Brenda Forbes, lives now in Chicago in a big, old-fashioned house that has a big, bright kitchen filled with blue and white Meissen, a garden of greenery, the ruddy beam of copper. In that kitchen she has worked out this recipe, an attractive, easy buffet. She serves the pork in two chafing dishes, one at either end of a long table, each accompanied by a platter of rice. The condiments go in the centre of the table on a tray flanked by bowls of green salad. Her menu:

SWEET AND PUNGENT
PORK TENDERLOIN
RICE
GREEN SALAD
SPANISH MELON
Filled with raspberries.
ALE

HOW TO MAKE SWEET AND PUNGENT PORK TENDERLOIN

(For ten people)

Simmer 2½ *green peppers,* chopped, in boiling water for about 10 minutes. Combine *1½ cups flour, 1⅛ teaspoons salt,* and ¼ *teaspoon pepper* in bowl. Beat *2 eggs* in another bowl until light. With fork, dip pork pieces—*3¾ pounds pork loin* cubed in bite-sized pieces—in beaten eggs, then into flour mixture. Reserve. Place scant ¼ *cup vegetable shortening,* slightly melted, in a baking pan. Add pork.

Place in a preheated hot oven, 400°, and bake about 1 hour or until meat is well browned. Now add ½ *can pineapple chunks* and drained green peppers. Combine *2 cups chicken bouillon,* ¼ *cup soy sauce,* ¼ *cup cornstarch, 1¼ cups sugar,* ⅓ *cup cider vinegar,* and ¼ *cup pineapple juice,* mixing thoroughly to dissolve sugar

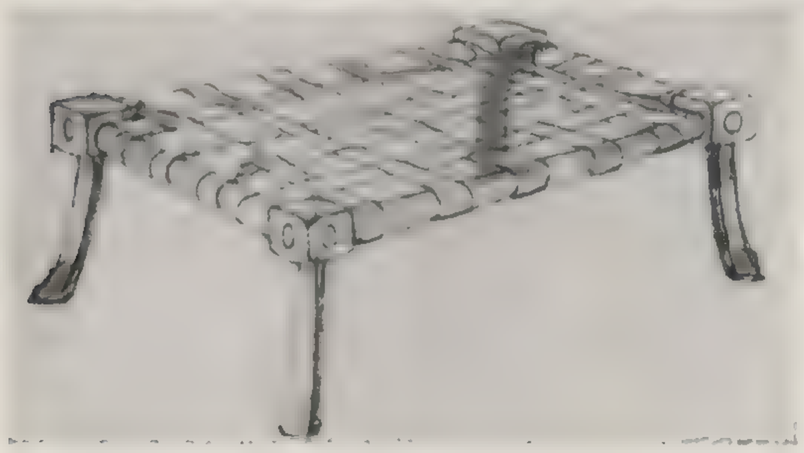
(Continued on page 128)

A LOST GREEK LOOK, RETRIEVED

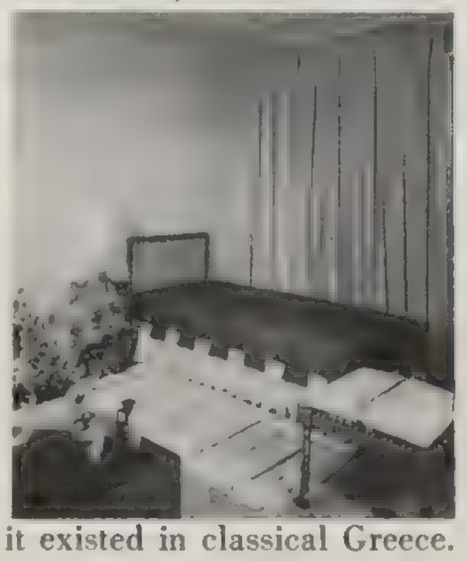
Continued from page 122

More of Robsjohn-Gibbings' new designs

FOR A THOUSAND YEARS the beautiful furniture of the Golden Age of Greece was the classic furniture of the Greco-Roman world. Lost then for centuries, it has been rediscovered, re-created, and found in harmony with the twentieth century. The tinder that fired its revival consisted of such drawings as the one, *left*, which T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings made in 1933 in the British Museum. Caught forever by the lines of the Greek chairs and tables and couches and benches he found painted on vases, he drew over two hundred sketches. Piecing his accumulated clues together, he determined exact sizes, exact methods of construction, then made usable models for his own delight. His adaptation of the classic Greek bench sketched *above*, made its first public appearance in an Edward Steichen photograph in a 1937 issue of Vogue.



IN THE ATHENS APARTMENT to the design of which last year Robsjohn-Gibbings applied his 1933 research, the bench in young Peter Goulandris's room, *right*, is pure re-creation; the bed, pure invention. Its leather-strapped headboard is an idea on loan from leather-strapped Greek seating, but no bed like it existed in classical Greece. The crenellated bedspread is a strong blue. The bed skirt, the curtains, and the rug all share the same rust-blue-and-white pattern, its source a design on a psykter, a fifth century B.C. vessel for cooling wine.



OFF THE ENTRANCE HALL, *below*, there is the excitement, the surprise of a great vitrine that has the pedimented top and the silhouette of a stele, the ancient Greek burial stone. On glass shelves, seeming almost suspended in brilliant light, are some of the pieces in Mrs. Goulandris's collection, which spans over a thousand years. Boeotian, Corinthian, and Cretan vases, seventh to sixth century B.C., flank the prehistoric Cycladic sculpture and the Attic black-figured and red-figured vases from the sixth and fourth century, B.C. Beyond the vitrine, at the end of the hall, a marble stele fragment stands on a marble plinth. Beside a walnut card table, designed from a Greek bench with round legs banded in ivory, is a walnut *klismos*, the classic Greek chair that opened the lid on this whole re-creation program.



FOR AUTHORITATIVE, HEAVYWEIGHT GREEK COTTON Robsjohn-Gibbings has designed prints as indelibly Greek as the Parthenon, as fresh as the last breeze that skimmed it. For design ammunition, he has drawn from sources old, recent, and this-year new. The old, for instance, is "Vravron," the wavy chevron print, *near left*, from a Byzantine fresco at Vravron. The recent, for instance, is "Crete," the tasselled stripe, *centre*, prompted by the bridle decoration Greek horses sometimes still wear on festival days. The new, is the polka dot "Delos," *far right*, its derivation simply imagination. These three cottons, plus others including the print in the bedroom, *opposite*, are done by the big Greek textile company, Piraiki-Patraiki, and may be ordered from Saridis of Athens. From Robsjohn-Gibbings' own collection: the ancient bronze helmet.



THE THREE FEET HERE are, *left*, a marble lion's paw, first century B.C.; *rear*, a similar paw in bronze, cast from one in a Palermo museum and used for a table leg; *foreground*, a bronze foot from a life-sized figure of an actor, first century B.C. The latter stands on a rug from Their Majesties' Fund collection. This fund furnishes supplies and training to the cottage industries of the Greek mainland and the islands. The rug—handmade, of all-wool blue tulips on oatmeal ground, a traditional design of Epirus has a needlepoint look, burlap lining, and many confederates, all adapted from eighteenth-century embroideries and exported to this country; $75 to $250 at Lord & Taylor. Other patterns are scenically Greek—the pine nut tree, rooster and cypress panels, dolphins—and the effect is so much a tapestry one that they will go as well on a wall as a floor.



THE DORIC-COLUMNED CREDENZA, *below*, inspired by a wooden sarcophagus that was around in 300 B.C., here holds a lot of marble: white Cycladic pieces, a lamp which lights a bronze bull standing on a marble base, and the marble foot in the picture above. Designed originally to house hi fi, records, and a television set in the Goulandris Athens apartment (although there is no Greek TV yet, the set awaits its arrival), this walnut credenza has been reproduced and, along with some of the other Greek furniture shown in this issue, is now in this country at Lord & Taylor and at Barnett Brothers in Beverly Hills.



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THE MOBILE CHAFING DISH

(Continued from page 126)

and cornstarch. Add this mixture to the meat. Return pan to the oven, turning down the heat to 300°, and bake about 45 minutes more. Stir once during cooking.

Serve with rice and the following condiments in small dishes: Chutney; grated dried coconut; crisp bacon, chopped; almonds, blanched and chopped; preserved kumquats; chopped chives.

MRS. WALTER KOHLER

Mrs. Kohler and her husband, a former governor of Wisconsin, live at Windway, a modern house surrounded by old Wisconsin forests and meadows. At a summer buffet luncheon on a covered terrace with a particularly catching sweep of view, the main course might be Shrimp Jambalaya, made just a bit less hot than Mrs. Kohler learned to do it in Antigua where the Kohlers spend the winter. Her menu:

JELLIED MADRILÈNE
SHRIMP JAMBALAYA
GREEN GODDESS SALAD
FRESH PEARS
ROQUEFORT CHEESE
WINE: CHABLIS GRAND CRU, 1953

HOW TO MAKE SHRIMP JAMBALAYA

(For eight people)

In the blazer pan over the direct flame, fry *3 slices diced bacon.* Add *3 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley,* and *3 tablespoons chopped green pepper.* Cook and stir until onion is yellow. Add *1 tablespoon flour,* stir until slightly brown. Add *4 cups tomatoes,* cooked or canned, *1 teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne,* and *1 teaspoon chili powder* (optional). Cook slowly until thick, add *3 cups cooked rice,* and *2 cups cooked shrimp,* broken in pieces, heat, and keep hot over hot-water pan. Add more seasoning if desired.

The chafing dish and assistants sketched: On page 124, the silver-plated chafing dish holds 2 quarts, has an alcohol burner, a 12½" silver-plated tray. By Oneida, $35, tax included, at Croydon. The lobster-claw cracker has a sterling silver handle, a stainless steel head. $32.75, tax included, at Georg Jensen. To prolong the drama, 11" fireplace matches. $1.50 a box, at Serendipity.

GOLD JEWELLERY FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN

JOHN STEWART



The jewellery above is not in a museum. It is a small part of a collection of gold jewellery copied from the superb antique ornaments of Crete, Mycenae, Byzantium, and Alexandria, where the modelling, casting, and cutting of gold was part of the intense concern with sculptural arts. Some of the originals are from periods as early as the 17th century B.C., and all of them are in museums. The jewellery worn by Mrs. Goulandris (page 122) is among these excellent copies—hers was made especially for her and each piece is one of a kind. However, a collection of reproductions, made in Greece of 18-carat yellow gold, can be found here at Van Cleef & Arpels.
Photographed in Greece: Cuff links (lower left in picture) incised with ancient seals. *Centre:* Necklace of articulated trumpet-shaped links; Minoan bull's head earrings; two short chain necklaces of filigreed gold beads, semi-precious stone beads and cultured pearls; dagger letter-opener of lapis lazuli with a gold handle.
Lower right: Heavy, textured bracelet in the Mycenaean manner with two lions' heads.

(Continued from page 113)

very interesting. It's the most revolutionary—if I want to use the word this time—attitude possible because they know they're killing themselves. It's a form of suicide, as artists go; they kill themselves by using perishable materials. They know it will last five years, ten years, and will necessarily be destroyed, destroy itself.

But today the integration of art into society forces the artist to submit to its demands. In 1913 the zero—the economic level at which an artist could subsist—was so low that bohemian life was possible. You didn't have to think every week of having to pay your rent or anything. You didn't pay your rent. Now the zero is too high. You can not afford to be a young man who doesn't do a thing. Who doesn't work? You can't live without working, which is a terrible thing. I remember a book called *The Right To Be Lazy:* that right doesn't exist now. You have to work to justify your breathing.

W.S.: The integration of art: isn't this precisely what modern artists, teachers, dealers, collectors, and museum people have been seeking?

M.D.: Oh, yes. It's a marvellous thing from a certain angle. But it has the opposite effect, too, if the mediocritization of the rest results. In other words, there are so many buyers and so many artists that the aesthetic part will become completely nonexistent because it will be completely levelled, from the bottom up.

W.S.: The hostility levelled against the Postimpressionist art in the Armory Show was in reality a very important form of recognition.

"WE WERE PARIAHS"

M.D.: Yes, yes. It's very simple: there was no integration then and they were pariahs, all of them. The era of pariahs. We were delighted to be pariahs. We didn't want to be integrated. After the two wars—especially after the second—there was complete integration. A man who would want to be a revolutionary today couldn't be known. He will have to be unknown. If he is integrated he is lost; if he succeeds, he fails, because the stamp of this society is derogatory and destructive.

W.S.: Can you conceive of yourself now as being twenty-six, with the aspirations you had then?

M.D.: I don't know what I'd do except that I know there was no money consideration at that time. I didn't expect to make a living. In other words the money question was not included. It didn't exist when I took that painting off the wall in the Independents show.

NO COLLABORATION WITH THE CUBISTS

The idea was to give up any collaboration with the Cubists. I was a member of the Cubists and I just pulled out of it, rather than integrate myself into Cubism. So that's one form of revolution, or revolt, at least! Today I don't know whether I would have the same considerations. Of course, I would have to hate the mixture of art and money as water in your wine. It's a very good comparison because it dilutes into mediocrity. Water in wine. The bouquet disappears.

W.S.: Less of one commodity and more and more of another until—I think I'd be interpreting you correctly—you feel that the more art becomes integrated into modern commerce the more it ceases to be art.

M.D.: Exactly. But art doesn't interest me. Artists interest me.

W.S.: In other words, you think that Leonardo or Rembrandt are more important than the "Mona Lisa" or "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer." . . .

M.D.: Oh, yes. Of course. I saw many Rembrandts last summer in Amsterdam and they are remarkable compared to that thing here. Even Rembrandt didn't paint a masterpiece every time he went to his easel.

W.S.: Such objects now seem to have more monetary than aesthetic value.

M.D.: Yes. We have so many standards: the gold standard, the platinum standard, and now the burlap standard. It's surprising that a piece of cloth, a piece of burlap on a stretcher with a few nails, can bring such prices.

W.S.: In a sense it was the pressure of alienation—of hostility from without—that enabled you to identify yourselves as revolutionary artists.

M.D.: Yes. There was no danger of being sucked in by success, none whatsoever. It took twenty years for Picasso to become a great financial success. I remember going to the Sagot Gallery on the rue Laffitte in 1908 or '09 where Picasso's drawings were five francs—one dollar—framed in those blue mats.

So, it was really the pariah status of the artist at that epoch that made it possible for movements like Cubism and Fauvism to be "pure," as we say. At least not to be adulterated by money.

W.S.: Just since 1950—since the success of the "New York School"—one could cite many instances of works worth five hundred or a thousand dollars that today are worth thirty times that amount. In 1945 none of the avant-garde artists in New York—Arshile Gorky is one example—dreamed their works would ever sell at $10,000 and more.

ART—"A CRAZY MACHINE OF MONEY"

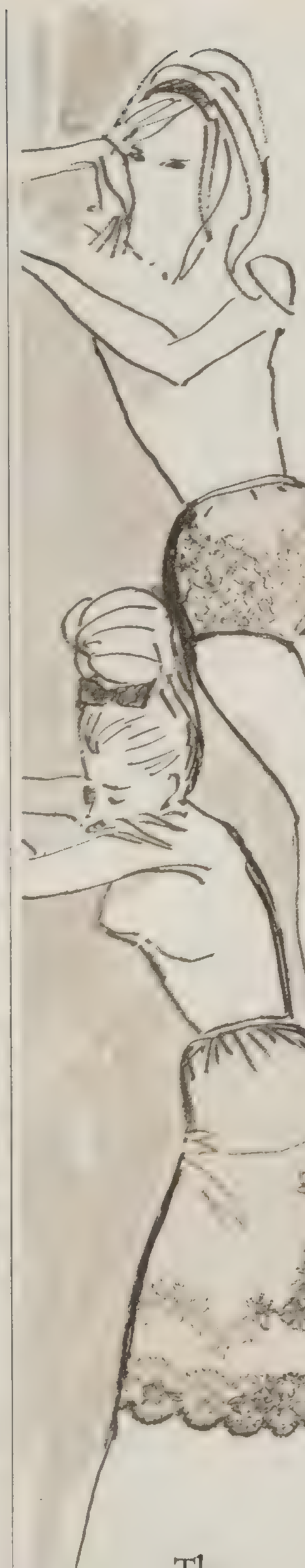
M.D.: Exactly. It's a postwar phenomenon, decidedly. Between 1946 and now the thing has become a crazy machine of money.

W.S.: In the early thinking about modern art one finds a constant objection to "materialism." Artists spoke in terms of spiritual against material values. Are they fighting against them any longer?

M.D.: No. They accept them—because there is nothing else to do, probably. It's much too strong a *courant d'air*—a draft that you can not go against or you lose all your vitality.

W.S.: Do you feel there is now a capitulation on the part of the

(Continued on page 130)



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the end to a perfect dinner...Denmark's liqueur delight

CHERRY HEERING

the difference between eating and dining

(Continued from page 129)

artist to materialism?

M.D.: Yes, it is a capitulation. It seems today that the artist couldn't survive if he didn't swear allegiance to the good old mighty dollar. That shows how far the integration has gone.

W.S.: But even you were greatly helped by a sympathetic and enlightened collector, Walter Arensberg, when you came to this country.

M.D.: Oh, yes, but that's a different thing, if you consider that there are thirty-five pieces in the Philadelphia Museum, and that those thirty-five pieces were bought over a period of thirty-five years. So it's not so much a year. I couldn't even live on it, because I remember giving French lessons in New York in '16, '17, and '18. I was very happy to give a few French lessons. It was a form of freedom.

In the case of Arensberg and myself it was a question of $200, $300 each time and no more. I don't think Arensberg ever gave me a check for $1,000. I remember he paid the rent for my studio a year or two when I was on Sixty-seventh Street—that was in exchange for "The Large Glass." which I was then working on.

W.S.: In the present situation, with the widespread acceptance of radical art by wealthy collectors, big business, and museums, can it continue to develop in the same way?

M.D.: No. I don't think so. It has the effect of dilution of quality.

W.S.: Each year we have a new avant-garde. Whether it's a . . .

M.D.: We know that every day we see the name of a new artist in our mail; a young artist. They can't continue multiplying like rabbits.

AVOIDING THE PITFALLS

W.S.: How do you think a young artist in his twenties—intense, committed, sincere, with ideas, ability, and technical skill—should meet this new situation?

M.D.: Well he has to be damned intelligent to begin with, even though a Cartesian intelligence is the most dangerous thing for a painter—for an artist—in general. But he must have intelligence enough to avoid the pitfalls of the situation we've been describing.

W.S.: The pitfalls are extremely great.

M.D.: The pitfalls are extremely numerous and hidden for a young man of twenty. How is he to guess that making too much money is a sin? And that doesn't make him an artist, either. He could be a great person in himself and be completely annihilated by accepting what society offers him.

W.S.: He has to avoid corruption. . . . Or do you think corruption is too strong a word to use?

M.D.: No. No, corruption is all right.

W.S.: This is a rather strong word. When we think of the corruption of individuals, does this imply that an artist enters into such a situation wilfully: that as a man he is corrupt or immoral? Or could it happen by accident? Could he be corrupted without knowing it?

M.D.: Yes. Artists very often are, because they are not intelligent enough to make sense of the life they live or the society they were born in. I feel that there are many, many geniuses that are lost by that, you see. In other words a genius could very well be corrupted. So he won't be a genius anymore. He'll be lost; he won't come through.

W.S.: This indicates that you do not subscribe to the romantic theory that no matter what the exterior conditions are, a "true" genius will come out.

M.D.: No, not at all. You could name ten for this century, there are probably forty that could have been, but they died, disappeared. They were crushed.

W.S.: This would imply that genius is a fortuitous meeting between an individual and an historical circumstance.

"THE SHORT LIFE OF A WORK OF ART"

M.D.: Yes, it's purely fortuitous.

It only happens under the most difficult of circumstances—I mean it's very rare.

Another point that I want to bring out is the life and death of a work of art: "The short life of the work of art." Did I tell you about that?

There are different things: history of art is one thing, very simple: century after century, year after year, movements after movements, et cetera. This is a marvellous classification for man in the world as we are. But if we accept the idea of an aesthetic "smell" or "emanation" from a work of art. . . . Suppose we accept it: an aura, almost like a smell; a material transubstantiation. Emanation, right.

I think that emanation doesn't last more than twenty or thirty years and the work dies. Especially in painting. The time is difficult to estimate: twenty years, thirty years, more or less. I mean, for example, that my "Nude" is dead, completely dead. The noise made around it has nothing to do with aesthetic emanation.

W.S.: What would you say if I or someone else, looking at your "Nude," or if you will at a Chinese bronze of the eighth century before Christ. . . .

M.D.: Same thing.

W.S.: What if, confronted with this object, a given spectator feels a tremendous emanation —you couldn't refute this because it's his experience.

AN ILLUSION

M.D.: No. But I don't care. It's an illusion that he has. Through the thing he has learned, he is imagining the emanation himself. Physically speaking the smell of the flower is gone. That disappears after twenty years, or when things have happened to it—a hole in it, or something else. A change even in your vision. The "soul" of the thing is gone. This is purely my own idea, and I don't care if it's true or not, but it helps me make a distinction between aesthetics and art history. That's what happens to a dead man, too. That's why the comparison with life and death is good—it gives the same feeling.

W.S.: To return, perhaps as one of the last things we'll discuss, to the assimilation of "revolutionary" modern art into bourgeois culture: is dilution an inevitable outcome of dissemination to a larger and larger audience, or is it related more to the fact that art has become a commercial thing?

M.D.: It's both. One has brought the other. You see commercialism has brought in a number of collectors, semi-collectors, half collectors, and even laymen who are motivated by a sort of matter-of-fact impulse.

W.S.: You mean the way they would have a swimming pool or two cars or belong to a country club?

M.D.: Yes that goes with it. As long as it is connected with money and it can be an investment. The investment idea has brought in a great deal of that public, and that public, in turn, has completely accepted the idea of the avant-garde. They don't even call it avant-garde anymore: "You can't be avant-garde anymore. We accept it before you do it. There is nothing shocking to us. You can't shock us." Shocking is impossible today.

WHO WILL BE SHOCKED?

W.S.: We still have a few journalists and critics who become incensed over modern art. Should we welcome these voices, which sometimes come from high positions, as manifestations that someone still exists who can be shocked? Perhaps we should be grateful for them.

M.D.: One could put an ad in the papers saying, "We want somebody who will be shocked." It becomes a joke. The shock as it was originally—in the Armory Show, for example—was a genuine shock. The word "shock" did not exist as such. It came afterward. The phenomenon had taken place and it was called a shock.

W.S. Just as the avant-garde was labelled after it existed.

M.D.: Exactly. When today it is the opposite: the shock is put before the cart.

W.S.: Well, suppose that mass acceptance of modern art—the existence of an "avant-garde" of ten million—could take place without the exchange of large sums of money? Do you think then the dilution would be less, or is there something about the experience of art which is necessarily restricted to a small group?

I remember, a few months ago, you said to me: "Everything which was once esoteric has become exoteric." Can this exotericization take place and leave art, as we have known it in the modern period, intact?

M.D.: That I wouldn't know. Because, again, it probably could be overcome by a man—one man. Not by a group of men, not by a school, even.

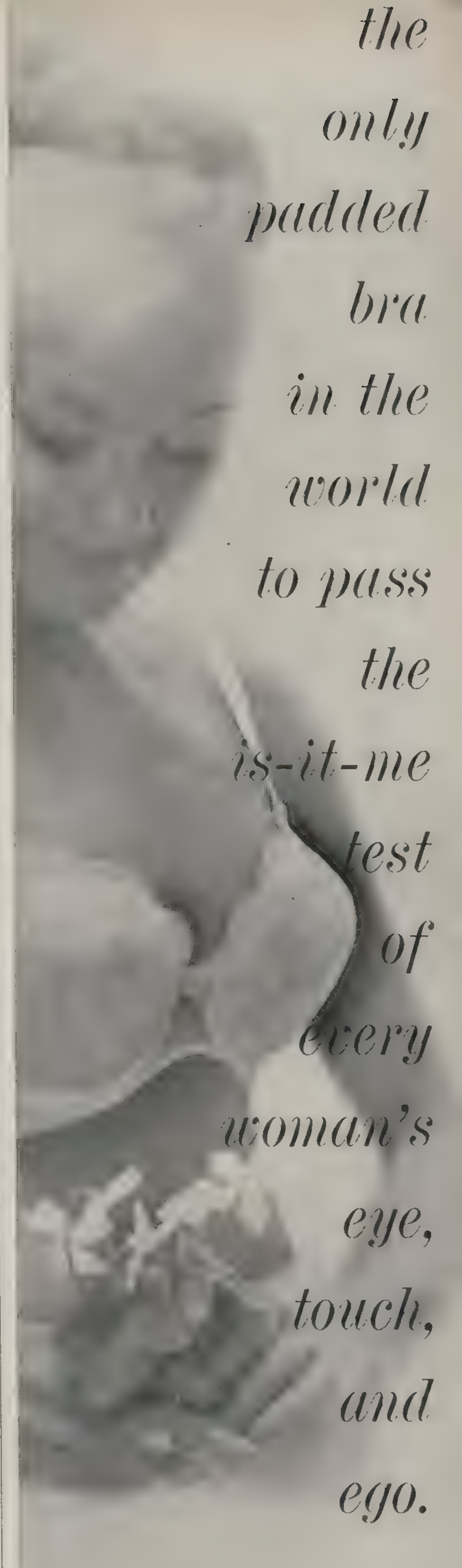
In other words I am putting up a man again; an individual; a demigod who, if he is not crushed by the opposition that he will have, will come out of it and conquer a position above that complete levelling by the great mass of the public. We don't know the qualities he must have, even, because they are the completely subjective qualities that come from the very far, inner self.

W.S.: Would I be interpreting you correctly if I said that you have returned repeatedly to the individual man of genius, whatever his calling?

M.D.: Exactly. After all, I believe in life being the expression of an individual today. Even if in two hundred thousand years we will be a mass conglomeration of souls having to do everything that the other fellow does. I don't care for that society.

W.S.: And your most powerful interest is not in art, but in great human beings.

M.D.: Exactly, that's right.



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The talcum beaches, boar hunting, and Chickcharnies of the lesser Bahamas

As if jettisoned from a great cornucopia into the Caribbean, the seven hundred Out Islands of the Bahamas are scattered across 90,000 square miles of blue-green water. Settlements cluster along the beaches in the sun—their painted shutters from the striking palette of Matisse. The light is the white light of Greece—the shadows purple. Beautiful brown children lead pye-dogs on strings, women weave straw, and fishermen hack with machetes the flesh of conch from their shells. Despite flowering hibiscus, tin cans of flowering plants are perched on windowsills and front steps. Roses the natives call them.

Although the islands have the appeal of "going abroad," prices are quoted in dollars first, pounds second; stamps with the head of the Queen come in stamp machines for nickels and dimes. English is spoken, but there is a local patois, with dialects to which only time can accustom the ear. Similar as the islands are from the air, they are, on the ground, as varied as the patches of a quilt—some, scarlet acres of tomatoes; others, blue spikes of sugar pine-apples in military rows, or leafed vines of cucumbers.

Often set in beaches of talcum-powder sand, the coral and limestone islands are surrounded by a sea with depths like azure lapis or carved green jade. Warmed by the Gulf Stream in winter, cooled by the trade winds in summer, we live between the low 70°'s and high 80°'s with one wardrobe. This too runs the gamut of colour, for there is no red, yellow, blue, or green bright enough, or white white enough, to seem bright against this background. Our two seasons are IN and OUT. The hotel and travel agents decree that for the tourists December 15 is "IN" (when prices usually go up) and April 15 is "OUT" (when they usually come down).

The air age has worked a metamorphosis throughout the islands in the last few years. Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, has a large international airport where you change from jets to the piston planes of Bahamas Airways and Mackey Airlines, or charter from Bahamas Air Traders and take off for the Out Islands, never now more than an hour or so away: Eleuthera, Harbour Island, Spanish Wells, Cat Island, Rum Cay (pronounced Key), Andros, the Abacos, or the Exumas. Those who go to Cat Cay and the Biminis, the Berry Islands, or Grand Bahama are more apt to fly directly from Florida.

GRAND BAHAMA,
forty-five minutes from Miami

The Grand Bahama Club at West End on Grand Bahama is about forty-five minutes by air from Miami. A factory of fun, the club lists forty-nine things to do (these do not include eating, drinking, or making love). The swimming pool has a three-tiered fountain and, what with the fishing boats, golf course, tennis courts, bowling alleys, the shops in the corridors, the Hong Kong tailors making suits for men and women, the galaxy of bars and dining rooms, it might be a vast ocean liner.

FREEPORT,
second city on Grand Bahama

Fifteen minutes away from the Grand Bahama Club by air, or forty over pot-holed roads, lies Freeport, a remarkable little town which has mushroomed in the last two years. Business and government offices are housed in a blue two-storey building on a small square; modern one-storey flats are behind walls hiding secret gardens. Two miles out is the harbour, where even a small ship, refuelling, saves as much as $1,500 on tax-exempt fuel. Freeport is accurately named. Businesses located here pay no income taxes, no capital gains tax, no real estate or personal property tax for thirty years, and no excise tax or customs duties (except on goods for personal consumption) for 99 years.

Five miles out of town a nucleus of houses, known as Millionaires' Row, have been built by heavy investors in Freeport. (Wallace Groves imported from China the deep blue glazed tiles of his roof.)

The Bahamas government created a new post and the first Government Liaison Officer is handsome Anthony Knox Johnston, C.M.G., formerly of the East African High Commission in Nairobi. Anthony and his witty wife, Jean, live in a charming new house. Used to travelling in the Colonial Service, the Johnstons bring to every post their china, rugs, silver, paintings, and Siamese cats. Jean, a Rockefeller Fellow in Dietetics who planned the stores for Admiral Byrd's last expedition, brings, too, her notable knowledge of food and gardens—the envy of her friends. Affable hosts and keen bridge players, the Johnstons enjoy their house, an attractive centre where frequent guests are Felix and George, two young Polish gamblers who sit over a game with their eyes on their watches. As assistant harbour-masters, they must be on time to meet every ship.

THE ABACOS,
a string of cays two hundred miles long

Marsh Harbour on the east shore is the airport for nearly all the settlements unless you want to fly on to Green Turtle Cay or charter for the Walker Cay Club. There are a dozen places at least to stay, all small, some with superb food and either deep-sea or bone fishing. "No ties, no high heels" is Bayard Stockton's slogan for his Elbow Cay Club. The ferry at the Marsh Harbour dock taxies you across the bay to the fishing village of Hope Town or other settlements. I like the simple Great Abaco Club at Marsh Harbour. Its Key Club bar, an Abaco dinghy sawed in half, is amusing. There I met a sun-tanned blue-eyed blonde, Ovante Gottlieb, the wife of a Swiss doctor. She is a keen hunter of the wild boar found on Abaco, although she prefers the beauty of the chase to the capture.

The boar-hunting rendezvous takes place at 3 o'clock in the

(Continued on page 133)

IN VOGUE FOR MEN: SPORTSCAR COAT



Car coat, raincoat—both in one slick dash of black-olive combed cotton, cropped to a length of thirty-eight inches for easy walking and driving; Zelan-processed for wearing in the rain. It has deep side vents, three flap pockets. By Rainfair. About $25. Altman's; Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miller Bros., Tenn.; Armstrongs, Iowa. The forward car seen in the background here: the new Studebaker Avanti, for which this coat is named.

THE OUT ISLANDS ARE *IN*

(Continued from page 132)

morning on the outskirts of the forest at the lumber camp White City. At dawn two dogs, trained not to bark until they find the pig, are let loose by a guide. Mrs. Gottlieb, holding a third dog on a leash, stands listening until the barking dogs announce they are on the scent of a boar. Then comes the hard part—the mad dash through bush to catch up with the sound. In her hurry, Mrs. Gottlieb has flushed wild parrots from trees, roused a colony of scarlet flamingoes from sleep, and frightened small wild horses.

The boars weigh as much as 180 pounds, have four-inch tusks, more flavour and tenderness than domestic pig, since their diet is the berries of poisonwood, potato vines, and sapodilla snails. Some think that the pigs came from a ship wrecked in the Spanish Armada, others that they were domestic pigs who escaped when the old lumber camps burned down, as many have the markings of New Hampshire sows.

ANDROS,
the home of Chickcharnies

Andros is a vast, mystic archipelago, its trees said to be haunted by Chickcharnies, the local folk fairies. Near its harbour at Fresh Creek lies the Tongue of Ocean, that deep band of water where many sportsmen catch their greatest fish. Here, I ate the steaks of mako shark and freshly-caught barracuda. Although many think these poisonous, I found both delicious.

The Lighthouse Club, built by the late Axel Wenner-Gren and still staffed with Swedes, is completely luxe. A short flight in the dockmaster's plane offers a glimpse of the plantations from which four twin-engined planes fly cucumbers to Miami every day eight months a year. At the house of Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie, bougainvillea climbs to a roof where peacocks preen. At sunset, the birds turn slowly and, as darkness falls, fly one by one with a screeching cry to roost in the fica trees.

TO CAT ISLAND,
two planes a week

On remote Cat Island, to which two planes a week bring supplies and people, Colonel and Mrs. Peter Wilson live in the first modern house built at the Bight.

(Continued on page 134)

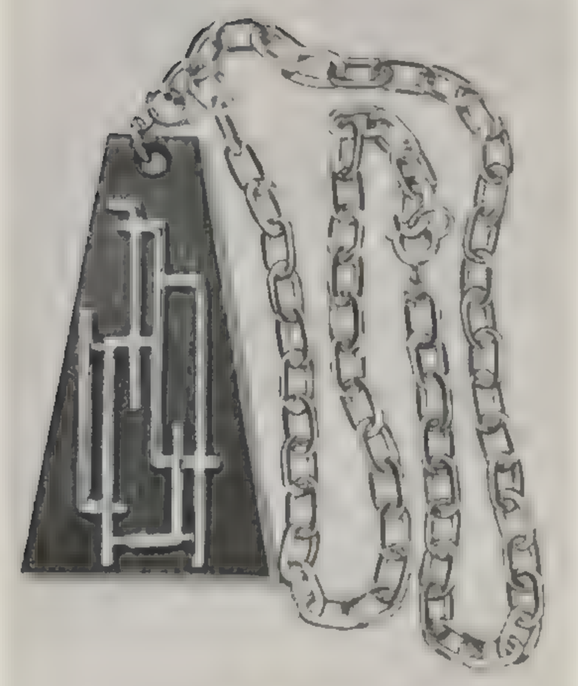




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THE OUT ISLANDS ARE *IN*

(Continued from page 133)

Theirs is a busy life in the bush. In charge of Harold Christie's agricultural development, Colonel Wilson supervises the work of local farmers. The women have learned to ask for a bonus after a hard day. Startled at first, Mrs. Wilson tried to calculate bonus in terms of money only to find it meant a few ice cubes from her deep-freeze. The women had never seen ice before.

I realized here how dependent islanders are on the radio to keep in touch with families, news, and weather. At morning, at night, you hear the warm voice from ZNS broadcasting family news of a death—a birth—an illness—who needs a letter—money—or where a meeting should take place.

GEORGETOWN,
a discovery in the Exumas

In Georgetown on Great Exuma I joined the "Odyssey"—a beautiful yacht, lying at anchor off Stocking Island, the loveliest of all Bahamian harbours. The worldly group who have built their houses five miles out of Georgetown first discovered the Exumas when they came on yachts to the annual regatta of the native fishing boats. They have charming houses, ponies for their children, baseball games with the locals, all kinds of boats. In blue jeans and vintage sneakers, they drive to town in jeeps and trucks, thoroughly enjoy the few weeks they are there every year.

ON ELEUTHERA,
a paved highway lined with surprises

Cruising the Grand Bahama bank, one becomes spellbound by the sea gardens and the brilliant tropical fish undisturbed by your slow passage, as they swim through the coral fans. We docked at Hatchet Bay on northern Eleuthera. The new bridge over the Glass Window, as the cut in the rock dividing the north from south is known, now makes it possible to drive the full length of the island from Current Cut to Cotton Bay and the golf club.

We drove first to that enchanting village, Gregory Town—so like Italy's Portofino. At the Talking Dolphin under palmetto thatch we ate fish chowder and salads at a table set with Mexican pottery. At the Current Club we drank daiquiris made with the juice of sour oranges while a waterspout two-hundred feet high whirled with fury towards the shore where it broke two miles away.

In the beautiful house on Unicorn Cay, at Governor's Harbour, we called for our dinner guest, Mrs. Arthur McGrath, and admired the rare collection of teardrop jade, the Rose Bowl, and the enamelled panels from a Peking Palace in her eighty-foot drawing room. A mile away we dined at Pot Latch, a small luxe hotel-club with cottages, period furniture, flowered chintzes, open fireplaces, and twenty-three servants for ten guests. We finished off dinner with cognac at French Leave.

HARBOUR ISLAND,
a resort with tradition

At Harbour Island, the "Odyssey" plugged in for light and water at a private dock. Three miles long and a quarter mile wide, the island is like a tropical Edgartown. Named for a Governor of the Bahamas, the Earl of Dunmore, who spent his summers there, Dunmore Town is thought to be the first capital of the Bahamas. Long before the present hotels were built, "winter residents" from Cannes, Santa Barbara, Monte Carlo, and New York moved to Harbour Island because of the climate, because life was cheap, and servants available.

In those days, boats brought fresh fish and vegetables to waterfront houses. Now, at dawn you can hear the mournful note of the conch shell blown by the fishermen to announce their return with their nets. Even before the boats land, the local women are waiting to buy the palm frond strings of yellowtails, grunts, and jacks. Your cook's relationship with the fishermen determines if crawfish or grouper find their way to your table.

This is a cheerful, friendly island where everyone speaks to everyone. The morning meeting place is the Post Office next to Telecommunications, where many frustrated hours are spent trying to use the only telephone. There is the morning *va et vient* to "Piggly-Wiggly" or "Tip Top" for food, "Mademoiselle" for clothes, the "Gift Shop" or "Muriel's" for the sweet-smelling Royall Lyme soap and eau-de-cologne made on the island.

For luncheon, one goes to

(Continued on page 136)



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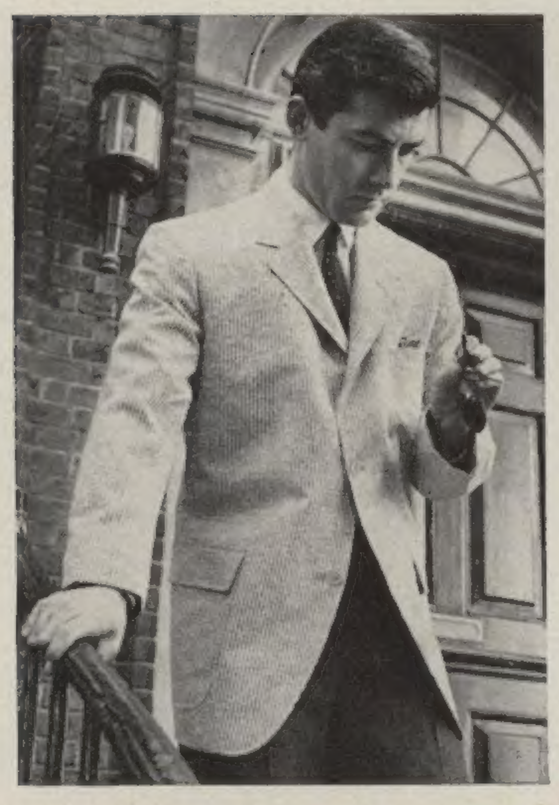
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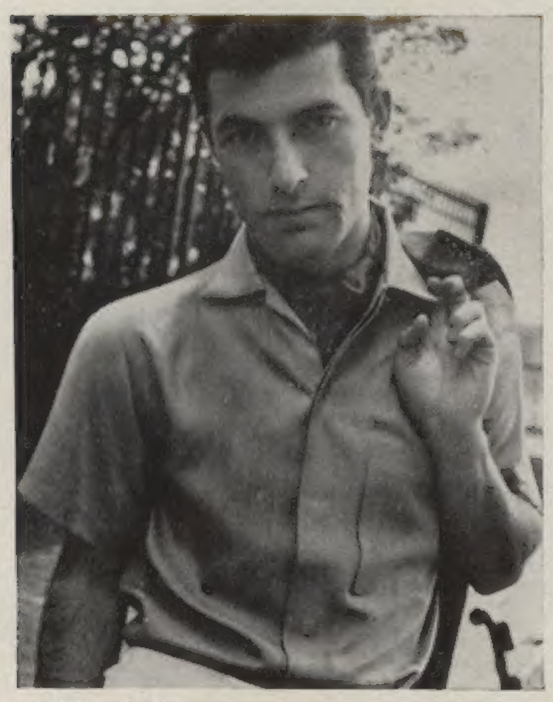
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IN VOGUE FOR MEN: CHARCOAL TAN



It goes with everything—charcoal tan—a half-and-half blend of grey and tan that's the most important neutral colour for men's clothes to come along since charcoal grey. It goes to resorts now, comes back to town for the spring and summer. *Left:* Three-button sports jacket of charcoal tan striped with white in a textured weave of tussah silk and cotton. M & W Thomas fabric. $55. At Brooks Brothers.





ARTHUR TODD

Left: Charcoal tan sports shirt of grainy silk, the front neatly flapped for a show of no-buttons. Good with this: a small-Paisley scarf; pants of white or grey flannel, or bright-coloured linen or silk. About $23 at Alexander Shields; I. Magnin.





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THE OUT ISLANDS ARE *IN*

(Continued from page 134)

Pink Sands for the buffet, the Dunes Club or Run Away Hill on the beach for a drink, a sandwich. For dinner Thursday night, there's the singing and superb food at Run Away Hill. Every night out ends at the Picaroon Cove Club, but Saturday night is the big night at the Vic-Hum to dance the Hully Gully.

For church on Sundays men, women, and children wear their best; the little girls in starched layers of lace-trimmed petticoats over organdie. With pride the women count their children. Those with both "inside" (legitimate) and "outside" (illegitimate) children love them equally. When the concerned visitor mentions birth-control to the priest or doctor the invariable answer given is: "When men consider children a sign of virility, there are problems to be overcome."

At Pink Sands on the three-mile beach, you can spend a child's verse of a day; surf-cast for pompano, ride ponies bareback into the sea. There is so much theatre in the life of the village—the beautiful weddings with the bride in her Miami dress, and her bridesmaids in Miami pastels. At funerals a truck follows the coffin, stopping now and then for two blue chairs to be lowered on which to set the coffin while the pall-bearers rest. Like black crows they are followed by the funeral band beating its march until the body is interred. Then the music changes and the rhythm is swing.

I went home by helicopter last time. On sighting the island, the pilot asked me to point out my house. For landing I pointed to the beach and then to the ramp. "No, your *house!*" he called. I pointed to the white roof, the plum tree, and the small lawn. Next to it he saw a patch in front of the Jumper Church. As we landed, my neighbour called over the back fence exactly what I was feeling: "I knew you'd be home before long and glad to land in your own back yard."



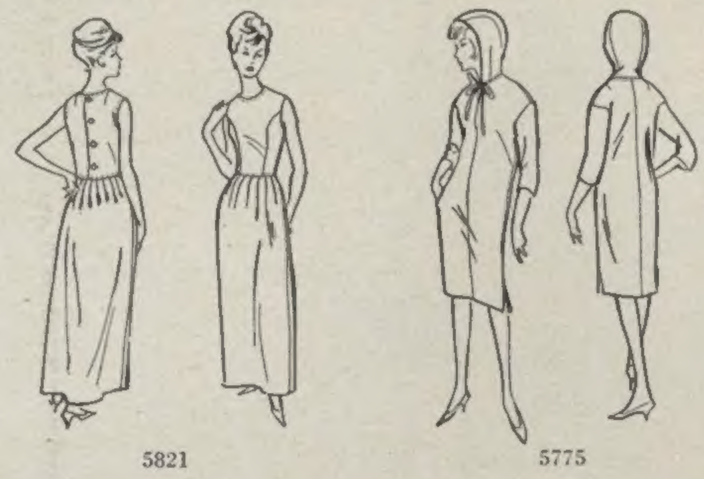
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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 108-109, other views, yardages, details)



5821 5775

Above, left: Overblouse and long skirt (pattern includes easy jacket, pants): Vogue Pattern 5821. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, top requires 1⅛ yards of fabric; skirt, 2½ yards (45" fabrics without nap). Price, $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

Above, right: Slim, straight dress with a hood—or a set-away collar: Vogue Pattern 5775. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 14: 2¾ yards of 45" fabric without nap. Price, $1. In Canada, $1.10.

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Tomorrow morning have a big melon for breakfast. Then take off. Explore. There are, altogether, seven hundred big and little islands down here.

The water is the clearest in the world. The sand is like talcum powder. The palms are fabulous.

Come on down. Swim. Water ski. Snooze on the beach. Take life easy for a while. The hotels are smart. The food is excellent.

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If you prefer, write Dept. VN, Bahamas Development Board, 608 First National Bank Building, Miami 32, Florida.

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Shoreside pool at Nassau. Photograph by Burt Glinn